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OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscri-
er has been duly appointed Executrix
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of Chelsea, in the county of Kennebec, deceased,
testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving
ing bond as the law directs: All persons, there-
fore, having demands against the estate of said de-
ceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settle-
ment; and all indebted to said estate are requested
to make immediate payment to
ec. 28, 1891. 9* THOMAS. J. LYNCH.

OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the sub-
scriber has been duly appointed Executrix
of the last will and testament of HIRAM S.
UNG, late of Manchester, in the county of Kenne-
bec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust
by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, there-
fore, having demands against the estate of said de-
ceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settle-
ment; and all indebted to said estate are requested
to make immediate payment to
ec. 28, 1891. 9* OLIVE P. YOUNG.

OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscri-
ber has been duly appointed Administrator on
the estate of HANNAH CROSMAN, late of Windsor,
in the County of Kennebec, deceased, bonds-
man, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as
the law directs: All persons, therefore, having de-
mands against the estate of said deceased, are desired
to exhibit the same for settlement; and all in-
debted to said estate are requested to make imme-
diate payment to WELLINGTON JOHNSON.
Dec. 28, 1891. 9*

OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the sub-
scriber has been duly appointed Executor of
the last will and testament of CHARLES M. PAGE, late
of Monmouth, in the county of Kennebec, deceased,
testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond
as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having de-
mands against the estate of said deceased, are desired
to exhibit the same for settlement; and all in-
debted to said estate are requested to make imme-
diate payment to J. L. ORCUTT.
Dec. 14, 1891. 9*

OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the sub-
scriber has been duly appointed Executor
of the last will and testament of JERUSHA RAHERI-
Late of Sidney, in the county of Kennebec,
deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by
giving bond as the law directs: All persons,
therefore, having demands against the estate of
said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for
settlement; and all indebted to said estate are re-
quested to make immediate payment to
Dec. 14, 1891. 7* E. K. STUART.

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VOL. LX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1892. No. 10.

Farmers' Institutes.

The following are the dates of Farmers' Institutes arranged by the Board of Agriculture for the season. The meetings will open at 10 o'clock in the forenoon and continue through the day and evening.

Auburn, Dairy School, Jan. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Hancock county, to be arranged.

The educated farmer is he who best knows his business.

The season for operating in the woods and swamps must necessarily be short, and every day should be improved, when the traveling will permit.

Keep the cattle out of the way of wind and storm. A little extra care in protecting the stock will find sure return in growth and milk. No man ever lost anything by taking care of dumb animals.

The season for fall plowing did not close until the first week in January, and farmers in these comfortable winter days have had a grand opportunity to do work impossible in the dry fall months.

The New York State Dairymen's Association has recommended that a memorial be raised in honor of the late Col. F. D. Curtis, who was for many years a leading actor in the public dairy work of that State.

Better to spend the time in the barn slecking the coats of the horses and cattle, than loafing at the corner store. The man with a fine stock on his hands never lacks for something to do.

Now it is the cotton market that is glutted from an over-supply. There was more cotton grown the past year than the world needs. So it is in every line of production. What a country this is!

At the Kennebunk Institute, Prof. Cheesman treated two samples of skim milk from Cooley setting with the Babcock tester, and found on one only a mere trace of butter fat, and on the other a quantity too small for measurement. Pretty good work that!

The quarters in which the calves, the sheep and the pigs have their run should be kept clean and dry at all times. Young animals will not thrive in either filthy or damp inclosures. In cold weather this is especially important. Attention to these matters means more money out of the business.

The Camden, New Jersey, Preserving Company are now offering on the market cranberry sauce in sealed cans, prepared and put up ready for family use. This will give us cranberry sauce the year around, and no doubt will make an opening for increased consumption, provided New Jersey and Cape Cod can produce the fruit.

The value of a grass sod rotted down and mingled with, and made a part of the soil, can hardly be over-estimated. We hear much, theoretically, of the clover as a renovator, and the value of a clover sod, and but little of the value of a grass sod. One of the great advantages of the shorter rotation, and more frequent plowing advocated by advance farmers, comes from the thick sward plowed under at more frequent intervals.

The Vermont Dairy School is running a class of fifty students, made up in large measure of adult dairymen, who wish to learn more of their business, that they may be able to get more money out of it. The Quebec Dairymen's Association has sent down five of their most expert operators, at the expense of the association, to enable them to perfect their work in conformity to the latest available knowledge. Hadn't this State better wake up?

Dr. Hoskins says that in twenty-five years' experimenting he has found but three really iron-clad, long keeping and productive apples. These are Scott's Winter, Bethel and Canada Baldwin. This last named the trees are only suited to a clay soil. So far as we have learned the first named has not given satisfaction in the State on account of its small size. If we are misinformed in regard to it we would like to be corrected by those who have fruited it.

Study new ideas in farm practice, both sides up, before adopting them. Look them over, and consider their adaptation to your condition, your wants. That which is new is not in all cases best, nor is it necessarily bad. Apply *your* intelligence to the study of it, and when you understand the reason why the new is better than the old, then get right out of the ruts and make a new departure. Intelligent men should not hesitate to discard the old for that which is better.

It has been discovered by some prominent sheepmen that the Cooper Sheep Dip, used in the following manner, is a sure cure for foot-rot: Dissolve the powder in one-fourth the quantity of water directed for dipping. Pour this into a trough in sufficient quantity to cover the sheep's hoofs, and walk them quietly through. The trough must have hurdles at the sides to keep the sheep in. Cut off superfluous horn first, but not so as to fetch blood. A packet to make twenty-five gallons of proper strength for foot-rot costs $2 00.

At the New York State Dairymen's meeting, W. H. Gilbert, a well-known author ity, stated that he knew a gentleman who got from a herd of Jerseys an average yield of six pounds of butter to the hundred. It took between 16 and 17 pounds of milk to a pound of butter during the year. He made a portion of his milk into cheese, and he got his cheese from 6.8 pounds of milk, but his cheese was of such a quality that he could have got 20 cents a pound for it at home. Rich milk gives not only more cheese but a better quality. What has *Hoard's Dairyman* to say of that?

Mr. P. M. Harwood, formerly of Massachusetts, and who was employed for a time in this State as a lecturer at farmers' institutes, on Holstein cattle, has been recently elected to the chair of agriculture at the Michigan Agricultural College, which he has accepted. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and of late has been superintendent of a large stock farm in Ohio. It is hard keeping liberally educated men on the farm. There are many positions calling for their services, and after answering all such demands there seems to be few left for the farms.

A large cow population means prosperity for the other inhabitants, provided the cows are bred, fed and selected for business. It means increased fertility to the farms, larger crops for the farmer, and more money in circulation in the neighborhood. It is so with sheep and poultry, and who can say that by improved breeds, and the blessings secured through the enthusiastic labors of special breeders, the same may not be true of beef cattle and hogs. It surely can so far as the farm is concerned, and if the dressing be saved and utilized by growing grain for the stock, there will be a margin of profit.

At one of the Knox county institutes L. S. Robinson, one of the most successful dairymen of the county, gave the following figures of his dairy work, from ten Jersey cows, for 10 months. Butter was made five days in the week, and the other two days the milk was sold:

January	155	5
February	177	4
March	216	15
April	203	6
May	233	6
June	220	
July	155	8
August	134	9
September	127	6
October	140	
Total	1746	7

The butter was sold at 25 cents a pound, amounting to $436 61; milk sold, $422 77; a total of $859 38.

If cows can be kept on hay, grain and pasturage for $32 50 cts. per year, by growing ensilage, and allowing the ears to mature and glaze before cutting, and the cream product at ten cents an inch, will return $46 00 per cow, it would seem like good business to swell the herd to the full capacity of the farm. If these figures can be duplicated by others, why is there not here a full justification for all the *Farmer*, the Board of Agriculture, or the Grange workers have ever said in behalf of the dairy? The skimmed milk and dressing will surely pay for taking care of the stock. The above figures are those given by one of our systematic farmers, who by and through the feeding of this yellow corn ensilage, has reduced the expense of keeping and increased the product of each animal. It looks like good business, and we rejoice at the results obtained.

Harrison.

The town of Harrison, in northern Cumberland county, is one of those good old towns that have been left back and away from modern facilities of quick and easy communication, and as a consequence is suffering a measure of oversight on the part of the busy, bustling world. Yet the town is a good substantial farming community, possessed of a goodly share of productive farms, well equipped with substantial farm buildings, and showing every evidence of prosperity and plenty.

Harrison village, or "Harrison Flats," as whilom it was familiarly known, is a pleasant hamlet, bearing every appearance of substantial comfort and independence, is located at the head of "navigation" on the chain of water carriage made up of Long Pond, Sebago Lake, and the "sinuous Songo" connecting them, and together making some twenty-five miles of boat transportation, which by the old canal formerly run into the city of Portland, but now is terminated at the foot of the lake, at Sebago station, on the Mountain Division of the Maine Central Railroad. This water highway is still used for all heavy traffic in the summer season, and forms a route of no little pleasure steamboat travel as well, all of which contributes not a little to make up for the absence to the town of railroad connection.

The village is favored with a fine water power, which formerly, in addition to the usual privileges necessary to every country town, furnished the needed power to run an extensive wire factory, which gave labor to a large number of workmen, and contributed not a little to the population and prosperity of the village. But in common with all other iron industries of the State, the wheels finally refused to turn out a profit, and the business was discontinued. But with an enterprise greatly to be commended, and an example that many other villages might well follow, the citizens of the place finally began to cast about for some business to take the place of that which had gone out from under them, and which would again start the busy hum of industry among them, would employ their capital and keep up the thrift of their village. As a result, the Ellingwood Manufacturing Company was organized for the purpose of manufacturing chairs. The hill-sides round about, and all in sight, were covered with timber, the water was flowing idly over the dam and down the sluice. All that was needed was that the one should be set to work on the other to bring out forms of value and leave the effects among their citizens. The capital was raised among their own people, the power and the mills purchased, and in an incredibly short time the old machinery was torn out, and in its place was set the best machinery known for use in their proposed business.

The machinery was started th September last, and with the work in charge of experienced superintendents. The timber being cut there in town, the work done by their own people, and the money furnished by their own citizens, the benefits of the whole business entire will be distributed in their own town and left among its citizens. Veranda and office chairs of various patterns, rockers, sewing chairs, and dining chairs of different styles, are the goods now manufactured. They have ample water power to carry their machinery the year through, and it is believed they have the facilities in their hands to enable them to compete successfully with any other plant of the kind.

The Baxter Brothers of Portland have a large corn canning factory at the village, which has been well patronized by the farmers. In the adjoining town of Waterford is located a butter factory which is doing a good business, and affords an outlet for all the dairy business the farmers of the town of Harrison, as well as in the town where the factory is located, may see fit to carry on. All in all, then, there seems to be every facility needed for the locality to maintain a share of thrift and of prosperity fully commensurate with the measure of energy and enterprise put into their business. It is especially gratifying to see a people making the most of their opportunities.

Mr. Editor: Will you tell me which breed of swine is considered the most profitable, the Yorkshire or the White Chester? I mean for all purposes. Also, what is the difference between the White Chester and the Ohio White Chester, improved? Thanking you for your kindness, I remain Yours truly,
Paris. A SUBSCRIBER.

The query of our correspondent is not easy of solution. To answer intelligently, one must know what is desired by the writer. If he wishes to keep a pen of hogs for workers, and to mature porkers to dress four hundred or more, then the Chesters would doubtless fill the bill. If pig growing for profit is the one object, then the breeder of the Yorkshire will claim superiority. Both are valuable breeds. The Yorkshires are much the smaller in frame and bone, and are grown to-day largely to meet the call of the market for tender pork, from pigs dressing 150 to 200 lbs. The Chesters and Improved Chesters are the same in blood, the only difference, if any being that individual breeders have labored to fix their thought upon individual families. It is with pigs as everything else; they represent very largely the purpose of the breeder. If about to engage in pork raising, we would give more to know this fact than that one pig was of one breed and one of another, because breeds were made by men, and the representatives are what men make them. What is wanted to-day is the quick growing, early maturing pig, ready to go on the market in the shortest possible time, because here is the line of profit.

Mr. Editor: If I go to a store and order a bushel of salt, am I obliged to take what the trader weighs out to me and calls a bushel, when the actual measure is from two to six quarts short of a bushel? Or, in other words, is it the law of the State of Maine that salt in bulk shall be bought and sold by weight? And if so, what is the weight per bushel? Also the standard weight of corn, meal, beans and potatoes per bushel? Please answer the above questions, and much oblige
Waterboro. A CONSTANT READER.

In handling salt, dealers buy 60 lbs. of Liverpool and 70 of Rock for a bushel, and sell by the same. These are the standard weights fixed by the custom house authorities. The law of Maine governing the other products named is: Corn, 56 lbs.; corn meal, 50 lbs.; white beans, 64 lbs.; and potatoes, 60 lbs. to the bushel.

The man whom the public enjoys hearing in the one who knows what he affirms. When a public speaker apologizes, or admits that he don't know, the cost of growing or making product he is discussing, that moment his influence is gone. The farmers are looking for facts, not fancies or theories, and they want the assistance of writers and speakers who will aid in the search. If there are dollars in any line of work, we want to know it, and how they can be obtained.

At the meeting of the Cumberland county Agricultural Society, a most satisfactory balance sheet was presented, showing a good sum in the treasury with all bills paid. This result has been secured only by hard work on the part of the members, for which due credit should be given.

Corn for Fodder.

Corn as an economic farm crop found some strong advocates at the Cumberland county institutes. Mr. C. H. Cobb of Poland, probably the most extensive grower of this crop in the State, stated that he had a field of eleven acres, of light sandy land, which has borne a crop of corn for twenty-three consecutive years, and without diminution of the crop. This is reliable evidence that the crop is not an exhaustive one to the soil. In fact, farmers have always claimed that corn was a desirable preparatory crop for other crops to follow, for the reason that the soil always produces generously following it.

Mr. Cobb is a warm advocate of the silo for preserving the corn crop for stock fodder, but at the same time does not recommend the siloing of sweet corn fodder after the ears have been gathered for the canning factory. He claims that in this form it can be easily dried, and in that condition the stock eat it well enough. He also says that put in the silo it takes on more acid than other corn.

The member of the board for the county, Hon. W. H. Vinton of Gray, tried the crop the past season, the first time in many years, and to his great surprise raised a crop of 205 baskets of husked corn on one and a quarter acres of land, and at a cost, though handled in the old-fashioned way, of a little less than twenty-five cents a basket, all told, and without credit for the fodder. He will plant much larger of this crop another year.

Mr. Cobb said that previous to his feeding of ensilage he had thought it necessary to feed bran for the health of his cows, but since using this kind of fodder had not found it necessary.

Cheap fodder has much to do with the profits of stock, and the modern idea of introducing the corn plant as a substitute in part for the hay fodder, so long looked upon as the king of crops for the Maine farmer, is fast giving way in those sections of the State where corn is easily and cheaply grown.

The Cranberry Bogs of Cape Cod.

Everybody knows that Cape Cod supplies the world with its best cranberries, and that the business of growing that fruit has transformed many hitherto worthless marshes in that region into land worth a thousand dollars an acre and upward. The word "bog" however, carries with it to few persons any suggestion of rural beauty, and yet the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod, apart from their economic value, make pictures of rare attractiveness at all seasons, and particularly at harvest-time. The ridges of rock and sand which form the cape would naturally be considered unpromising places to search for ponds and lakes, but not only do such ponds abound in the higher ground, but many beautiful trout streams wind down from the hills into the bay or the sea. As these streams have comparatively little fall, in the course of ages the booty which they have gathered from the hills has been deposited on either side of them, until in time they are bordered by wide, marshy bottomlands, in which shrubs and plants and trees which love water grow in tangled luxuriance. Many of the cranberry bogs are made on the bottoms. Sheep will not swim through it, it is a slow process to cut off the thick swamp growth and grub out and burn the stumps and roots. In many places it is necessary to "turf" the whole area, as it is called, that is, to peel off one or two feet of the entire surface soil, with the living and dead, but undecayed, material which has accumulated there. Then the land has to be drained, because, although kept constantly wet by the growing plant, it needs to be flooded with water at certain seasons, yet it must have dry and solid roothold during the season of growth and fruitage. This means not only that dams are built across the track of the streams at intervals, but deep ditches are cut across and often around the bog to catch the drainage from the bank, so that a series of levels or sections are made, each with its dam and system of ditches, until the bottom lands are all made ready.

After all this, the beds must be covered with sand from three to five inches deep—a laborious task where a hundred acres are to be dressed, and one which would not be undertaken at all, one would be sure, but for the happy circumstance that the material is close at hand in the banks which border the bottoms. When the smooth sanded surface has been prepared the cost is from $500 to $1000 an acre, long cuttings of the plants are doubled up and thrust through it at intervals of fifteen inches each way by means of a wooden paddle; these quickly root in the rich soil below. During the first summer the slender vines, which spread out in rays from each cutting, make a beautiful tracery on the white sand which helps to hold the warmth, to serve as a mulch, to alleviate extremes of drought and dampness, to smother weeds, to keep the plants from being lifted out by frost in winter, and to check a rampant growth and consequent unproductiveness of the plants. The next year the vines begin to bear, and with a net-work of trailing plants and leaves, and the third year, and for no one knows how long thereafter, the whole field will be covered thickly with short, upright, fruit-bearing branches. So thick are they set that one can hardly run his fingers under them anywhere without pulling out a handful. Very beautiful in summer is this lawn-like expanse of glossy green, and it is still more beautiful when the pinkish-white or red or dark purple fruit appears among the thick leaves. Standing on the high bank which usually borders one of these bogs, and looking across it, the level foreground, with its winding brook, stretches away for ten or a hundred rods, according to the width of the bottom, while the further boundary is usually another steep bluff, at whose base viburnums and wild roses, blackberries and sweet ferns are rioting, and above them are dwarf oaks, with a forest of pitch pine and oak on the summit to form a waving sky-line as a fitting finish to the prospect. From some points, looking downward through the valley, glimpses of the sea are caught; again, a gray road is seen winding up the opposite slope, and finally lost in the woods, and every detail of the picture is charming.

At the harvest time a new element of interest is added by the pickers, who camp on the bluffs and have a picnic for a month or so. For the actual work of picking, white cotton cords are stretched across the bog about a yard apart at right angles to the straight line of the ditch, where the gathering begins. Each picker gets down or his or her knees and takes the fruit clean between two of the cords, so that the entire force of harvesters move forward side by side, like an advancing line of battle, and as they are men, women and children, of all nationalities and various costumes, the bright colors of the headgear and other apparel form a picturesque addition to the scene. Pickers are usually employed in groups of a hundred or more, and as fast as a measure, which holds six quarts, is filled by one, he turns it in and receives a dime for it. It is not an unusual thing for a superintendent of a bog to receive from Boston by express several thousand dollars in ten-cent pieces, to be distributed among the pickers for a day's work. Expert pickers sometimes make $5 a day, and when they use machines, with which the fruit is stripped off by handfuls, they earn considerably more.

The cranberry bogs of Cape Cod furnish a striking example of what may be accomplished by specialization in economic horticulture. It has taken long years of experiment and practice to determine what the cranberry plant needed in order to reach its highest possible production, and now, with intelligent preparation and enrichment of the soil, close attention to every cultural detail, constant watchfulness against weeds and insects, frosts and fungi, a yield of 150 barrels of solid, evenly colored berries to the acre is not surprising. How thickly the fruit must hang on the vines which yield such a crop may be imagined, if it is remembered that this means a barrel of berries on every 16 feet square.—*Garden and Forest.*

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Home Attachment—No. 4.

Winter Management.

There are many of our farmers and other population that have everything around them that is necessary for their comfort and happiness, and enjoy themselves well in the winter season. But there are many who dread the winter, and spend the time in discontent and uneasiness, counting the days that pass, and ejaculating Dr. Watts' pious sentiment:

"Fly swifter 'round, ye wheels of time."

This is a very unpleasant state of mind, and detracts very much from the comfort of life. It arises mainly from not being prepared for the winter season. And this arises not so much from inability as from neglect. I once read of an old fellow whose house leaked exceedingly. A traveler rushed in to get shelter from a sudden shower, and found the water streaming down in every spot but one, and in that sat the proprietor, fiddling. "Neighbor Lagg, how your roof leaks." "But you would not have me go out and mend it now?" put in the silo it takes on more acid than other corn. "No, but in fair weather perhaps you might." "O, in fair weather my house is as dry as anybody's." This is a natural propensity, and is chargeable on the most of us. Habit and custom have their influence in producing it. In the early days, when the country was but partially cleared, the winds did not sweep down upon us as now. The air was then tempered by surrounding forest, and people were hardier than they are now; hence, practices then obtained that are incompatible with the present condition, and these practices have been handed down to us, and are not yet eradicated.

But preparation for winter is a matter of prime importance, and, next to immediate wants, should command our prompt attention. We have already spoken of arrangement of house and barn so as to break off the wind and admit the sun. There should be a walk from house to barn without going out doors; the water for house and barn should be so situated as to be reached under cover; and as most of the business of the winter will be in tending the stock, the arrangements should be such as to be attended to with as little of labor or exposure as possible. Especially should the stock be made comfortable. Our fathers thought but little of this, and their runty steers, with their maximum girth of six feet, told the story. Our doughty animals of eight feet in girth can be made comfortable without attention to comfort, and I am speaking of the means of securing it at the least cost of labor and inconvenience. Let the tie-up be just wide enough for convenience in removing the manure; no wider, less the apartment be less warm; windows to let in the sun; bedding stored handy; the hay, the grain, the roots, the water, of easy access. I know that some have all these things, but I am writing for those who have them not, and my audience is a large one.

It is a question somewhat mooted whether it is advisable to employ artificial heat for our animals, and has generally been decided in the negative. I have not been made sufficiently tight, the natural warmth of the cattle will be sufficient; and if there is fermenting manure in the cellar beneath, care is necessary to prevent too great warmth. Sheep will be warm enough in almost any place, but should be well protected from severe storms. I have read that in countries far north of this, it is the practice to keep the whole cattle establishment under the same roof as the residence, and it is a question whether it would not be profitable here to warm certain apartments in our establishments for the use of tender stock, as calves, young lambs, poultry, etc. Such a one of some size, inclosed, roofed, lighted and kept warm, would be a paradise.

Such an establishment as I have here outlined would furnish pleasant employment for the winter for an intellectual man, because not profitable, and would do much to furnish an antidote to that propensity so much deplored, to seek in other climes the gratification of our ambition. For I contend that among all the causes of the depopulation of the country and the disposition of our children to forsake the farm, the ambition for money-making is the greatest. Let matters be so arranged that we can make the most money here, and the hands will not be so much prone to greatly allayed. I imagine that we have passed the most dangerous stage of the emigration fever. The problem of abandoned farms is to be solved, not by their being sold, but by getting up and peopled before, but by being merged into large establishments, where the conditions above presented, or some modification thereof, will be realized. And though this will involve some undesirable social and political conditions, if it is inevitable, we must prepare for it.

ALBERT PEASE.

For the Maine Farmer.

Have You Added Anything?

Mr. Editor: The season of the year has arrived that the editors of the agricultural papers have requested their correspondents to write out their experiences of the past, their intentions for the coming year, and send them to the papers, and they will publish them for the benefit of others. Now, if we have a farm we ought to be able to write out our experiences of the past, their intentions for the coming year, and send them to the papers, and they will publish them for the benefit of others. Now, as far as my own experience is concerned, I feel that it is as necessary for me, an old man in the old English Reader, who resolved, and re-resolved, and died within the walls of Bagdad. It is true that I commenced breathing seventy-five years ago, in the good old State of Maine, a good right for development with others, and at a time when there was not inventive genius enough to invent a machine to plane a board, or prepare anything connected with lumber for use, and but little attention was done by hand. And from a more recent date up to the present time, everything connected with house building is prepared by machinery, and now there is machinery for every possible purpose. Now, while I have had the benefit of these inventions, which have been invented by minds much younger than my own, I have added nothing to the world in this direction, but have tried only to look on and see the world move.

Now, I think this is about my condition as regards advance in agriculture. I do not believe that I have added anything to advance agriculture, but have only been looking at what others are doing. Therefore I have come to the conclusion that anything that I should say would be only a rehearsal of what has been said by some one before. That agriculture is a science, every intelligent person now admits; and that the best way of doing things has been thoroughly discussed and determined through the agricultural papers, no one will deny. But notwithstanding all, there is on many things a wide difference of opinion, we all confess. Now, under the present condition of things, I see no better way for the farmers to do than to follow the advice of a leading politician, given to his friends at home, namely, constantly, to take this matter home to their firesides, and discuss it with their wives and children.

H. G. ABBOTT.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cultivating a Larger Acreage vs. a Small Acreage.

Having just read Mr. Moulton's article in the last issue of the *Farmer*, on "cultivating a larger acreage," I am surprised to hear farmers talk so in this the nineteenth century. I will be obliged to use Mr. M.'s own words, "I fear very much you are on the wrong track." "Don't attempt to spread ourselves over too much ground; we cannot possibly do that providing the farm is our own. There is too much good land going to seed in this state without us letting our farms go to seed by doing so. One manure pile is no doubt small for the number of acres we have to cover, and it will always remain so, if we put no effort forth to make it bigger. It is just right here where our compost heap comes into play. It is just the same with farming as any other business; we have to produce to amount to something before it will pay. We need never expect to make much out of farming a small acreage. "A little farm well tilled" is good enough for a song, but not for a business. I do not want to be misunderstood here. Small farms are not to be despised by no means, and small farmers ought to be careful in leaving small farms for larger ones without the requisite capital. But once having a farm, never let any of your worn out fields go to pasture as long as these two requisites are to be had: viz., a plough and a compost heap.

Yours respectfully, A SUBSCRIBER.

For the Maine Farmer.

Trying Experiments.

There is no class of men, especially industrial men, in this country that are more eager in trying experiments than the farmer, and often this is carried even so far as to be reckless. For how often do we see our farmers spending from ten to fifty dollars annually to get the seed perhaps of a new variety of potatoes, beans, wheat, peas, or other grain, who never did, and probably never will, devote a tenth part of this sum to experiments in improved culture. If a seed grower sends a few catalogues out to the farmers, with nice cuts and high sounding names, and a few certificates as to productiveness, early ripening, etc., how many farmers are there among us who are caught by the bait, and are ready and eager to send out their money and try to get a big yield, and thus make money easily in selling seed, etc? We once heard a farmer say that if he thought a certain variety of peas would prove five days earlier than the variety he then had, he would pay one dollar an ounce for a few to try, and asked what we thought of them? We answered him by saying that if he would pay out the same sum for extra fertilizers on his old variety he would do as well, and perhaps better. The relative earliness of crops is not always due to the variety. If a man wants to make dupes of his fellow men, he often can by getting a new variety, and then give it the best possible chance as to dressing, culture, etc., and then get some of his friends to come and see his crops, and to certify big as to yield, and never a word as to the treatment, culture, etc., expended upon it. And so good names are often attached to emphatic certificates, and so the variety is often sent forth into the country as "early." What is the result to the purchaser? In eight cases out of ten, except in the most favored localities, and upon the very best conditions as to soil and dressing, the variety proves a failure, and the big price paid for seed is lost. We do not mean to be understood as saying that there is no difference in the value of varieties of fruits, grains, vegetables, etc., for we know that there is great difference. Nor do we undervalue the efforts of those who labor for the improvement of agriculture in this direction. But we do advise the average farmer to go slow on the paying of exorbitant prices for seed to be used by the average farmer with the common field culture. A. E. FAUGHT.

Experimental Dairy Stations.

Most of the dairymen in Ontario are now familiar with the commencement of the work of the Dominion Experimental Dairy Stations. Every experimental action has within itself a two-fold power of service. It has the possibility of discovering some truth which was before unknown; it also has the function of illustrating and teaching in an impressive way the advantages that result from the best practices of procedure. The work of the outside branch stations during the past summer has been mainly investigations of matters connected with the manufacture of cheese. The work at the experimental dairy at Ottawa has been directed towards butter making. In the investigations which have been carried on to some making, an effort has been made to discover the relation that exists between the percentage of butter fat in milk, and the quantity and quality of the cheese which can be made from it. Full particulars of that work will be given in the annual report, and also at the annual conventions of the dairymen's associations. Meantime, it might be said with safety, that a very large number of experiments have led to the conclusion that the percentage of butter fat in milk may be taken as a basis for rating its actual value for the manufacture of cheese. Milk containing 4 per cent. of butter fat on an average is worth more for the manufacture of cheese one-third more per hundred pounds than milk containing 3 per cent. of butter fat. In short, the experiments all point to the conclusion that the total quantity of butter fat in the milk which the several patrons furnish to a cheese factory, might be used for determining with equity what share of the total proceeds from the sales of cheese should be distributed to each patron. The use of a Babcock milk tester makes it easily possible for every patron of a factory to test the milk of every patron twice a week. Then milk furnished by the several patrons should be paid for according to its real quality and quantity. By the adoption of this practice the irritating, although frequently unvaluable, prosecutions in connection with cases of adulterated milk, would have no cause for existence. When every patron is paid for his milk according to its real quality there will be no incentive towards dishonesty in the matter of skimming, watering or retaining striplings. The conduct of a large number of patrons of cheese factories will be made decidedly more creditable, when it has been arranged so that no fanciful or dishonest milk pays the patron in direct cash better than to furnish dishonest milk. The present practice of pooling with different qualities of milk at precisely the same rate per pound for butter fat is a premium upon dishonest practices. The infirmities of the ordinary cheese factory patrons are not always equal to resisting the attractions of that premium. By putting the premium the other way, the cheese, the profits, and the men will all be improved by the same act and at the same time. I hope to see the Babcock milk tester in every cheese factory during next season, and to see most factories paying for milk according to its true value as revealed by the percentage of butter fat which it contains.—*From an address by Prof. Robertson.*

A life member of Cumberland county Society at the annual meeting last week, stated that he grew 113 bushels yellow corn the past season at a total expense of twenty seven cents per bushel. It is a question whether it is good policy to pay seventy-five for western corn when a better quality can be grown so much less. We rejoice that so large a per cent. of our farmers have the past year produced so bountifully of this staple crop and found relief in so doing.

Prof. Robertson said to the New York dairymen that "when a cow has been milked nine months or more, he did not know of any system of *setting* the milk which will enable the dairyman to recover any more than two-thirds of the butter fat in his milk." Is this found to hold true in general practice?

Horse Department.

When the cowboy lights out o'er the alkali plain,
With a skin full of rum and remorse,
You'll find him most always, in sun or in rain,
Outside of a mile or two horse.

And up in New England, with abdomen blue,
The Puritan, frescoed with mosses,
Puts cod liver oil on his wagon so new,
And tew it he hitches a hoss.

But here in Kentucky, where nature is kind,
And lending a helping elbow,
You'll find the fair girls and elongated men
Admiring and loving the hoss.

—*Bill Nye.*

The favorite, and very fast and promising stallion, Col. Osgood, by Wilkes, dam by Constellation, is reported as sold by Mr. C. H. Nelson to Massachusetts parties, the price named being $8000. We had supposed that this colt would be retained at Sunnyside stables.

It's downright cruelty to drive a horse until well warmed up, and then hitch in the cold, bleak wind without blankets, and leave for an hour or more. If somebody would hitch these men out for half a day in their shirt sleeves, it might teach them a lesson. What is here described may be seen any day in almost any town or village, and for humanity's sake should be stopped. A merciful man is merciful to his beast.

The question of ultimate speed is again being discussed, and writers proving by actual figures that horses can and horses can't trot in two minutes. These discussions are interesting and entertaining, but so long as no man knows what a day may bring forth, so long will enthusiastic breeders buy and breed, feed and educate, in the hope that a fraction may be knocked from present figures, and old Father Time get another blow. When the problem is once absolutely settled, good-bye to the interest in breeding trotting horses.

Robert Bonner who has owned the fastest horses in the country, inquired of Gen. B. F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, if he thought there was any probability of a horse getting a record of 2.05 within two years, stating that he had offered to give $5000 to the owner of any horse that would perform the feat within the time mentioned. Gen. Tracy replies that he has long believed that a horse would trot a mile in two minutes, but it is not likely, he adds, "that either you or I will live to see it." Both Arion and Sunol ought to trot in 2.06, according to Gen. Tracy's opinion.

The gates are closed, and there is no more chance for fast trotting in reality this season, but around the chimney corner one already begins to hear of phenomenal trotters waiting for the season of 1892. Wonderful stories are and will be told of record breaking, with the chances that the flyers themselves may be neglected. This is all interesting, but hardly profitable. The man who keeps steady at his work fitting his stock, making everything comfortable, and educating the youngsters into the a, b, c of trotting, will quietly scoop the purses next June and September.

It looks as though Maine would have plenty of mile track associations whether there is a mile track or not. The latest is the one organized at Old Orchard, where an enthusiastic meeting was held last Thursday afternoon. It is to be known as the Breeders' Mile Track Association, and the following officers were elected: President, Frank G. Staples; Secretary, John F. Haines; Treasurer, Millard F. Porter; Board of Directors, B. F. Hamilton, Biddeford; H. W. Staples, M. F. Porter, C. H. Fiske, Old Orchard; C. E. Sawyer, Kennebunk. Thirteen thousand dollars was guaranteed by the residents of Old Orchard, and the subscription stock books will be opened at once. The capital was limited at $40,000; shares, $50 each. Mr. Henry G. Staples of Augusta was present, and spoke encouragingly of the project. With the amount guaranteed, it looks as though we might get a track at Old Orchard in spite of the controversy about location. Whether the move crystalizes or not, the question will yet remain an open one, whether a track by the seashore will be as fast as one in the interior. This should be the paramount consideration. If a track is built it should be the fastest in New England, and, if possible, in the country.

Some Good Points Worth Remembering.

The following from *The Sportsman* contains so many suggestions of value that we reproduce entire. Mr. Bonner has a better appreciation of the anatomy of the foot and the fitting of shoes than any man known, and his advice to Mr. Marvin only attests his rare insight into the supreme importance of having the feet accurately balanced. This subject of shoeing we do not understand:

"The recent arrival of the great Sunol in New York has been a theme of considerable comment. Not only has this been heralded as an event, both in the magazine articles, but it has led to many statements. Most of these have, of course, been very laudatory to her majesty, the equine queen, while others are quite different. Before the famous mare landed on the Atlantic shore, or scarcely ere she left the Pacific, when sensational rumors of her great sufferings from the lameness caused by her recent world-beating exploit, were reported, there came a report that the great mare had ruptured a tendon. Mr. Bonner's denial of these rumors drew the sting from them. As the mare appeared all right to those who saw her when she arrived, the public no longer looked with anxiety upon her case as of signification that the mare was dangerously hurt.

As we saw Sunol, she was driven with an open bridle and check bit; her mate had blinders. She had roll on her forelegs and ankle boots behind. Forward she was shod without calks

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Jan. 14, 1892.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Knox county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Lincoln county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

New Hampshire Cattle Commissioners have issued an order placing a quarantine on Massachusetts cattle.

The trouble with Chili was the principal topic of discussion at the meeting of the cabinet, Tuesday, with a view to transfer to further consideration of the subject to Congress. It is understood that the entire correspondence will be submitted to Congress early next week. Chili has not yet apologized.

The 79th anniversary of the battle of New Orleans was celebrated by the Business Men's Democratic Association at the Hoffman House, New York city, Friday night. The banquet hall was very simply but appropriately decorated by festoons of American flags. The leading address of the evening was made by Ex-President Cleveland.

We think the people of the entire country will be pleased at the result of the Senatorial contest in Ohio. Gov. John Sherman was renominated United States Senator over Ex-Gov. Foraker, by a vote of 53 to 38. Mr. Sherman is a valuable member of the upper branch, a statesman of undoubted ability, and eminently sound on the question of finance. Mr. Sherman was elected by the legislature on Tuesday.

Mr. Editor: Is Thanksgiving ever appointed on any other day than the last Thursday, or in any other month than November? Please answer and oblige a reader. G. F. N.

Kendusteag.

Thanksgiving Day is always appointed in November, but not always on the last Thursday. It has also occurred on the second week of the month.

Those of a pessimist turn, who incline to be belief that this country of ours is growing worse, and that the wickedness and depravity of its people exceed that of other countries, should read and ponder the following facts, which, we would add, are selected from indubitable sources. The total number of prisoners, paupers, insane and idiots in the United States is only one per cent. of the population, a less proportion than in any other civilized country.

The Managers of the Maine Central Railroad have issued ten thousand copies of a handsomely printed brochure, containing "Outing Notes of a Trip over the Upper Coos Railroad, now the Quebec Division of the Maine Central Railroad." It is written by Dr. W. B. Lapham, and is the result of a pleasant trip made last summer by the Doctor to Quebec and Montreal. It is handsomely illustrated. It is a great compliment to the Doctor to have so many copies printed.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Manufacturing Co., held in Newport last week, it was voted to authorize the Board of Directors to lease the woolen mill for a period not exceeding six years, and the Directors appointed Charles Sawyer and William A. Frye a committee to receive bids for such lease. Messrs. Elias Milliken of Augusta and S. C. Libby of Burnham were in Newport, Friday, on business in regard to making bid for the lease. Several Newport capitalists are also understood to be anxious to secure the lease for themselves.

Prof. Swing of Chicago, in his sermon last Sunday, made an earnest plea for the dumb beasts. In the course of his remarks he said: "Our millionaires, who in making their wills are puzzled as to what library they shall endow to perpetuate their name, should endow the Humane Society instead. They would build for themselves a monument which would reach higher into the sky than the highest of our church steeples. The Humane Society, now composed of a few select members, and a limited capital for its great work, should have millions of dollars for its capital stock, and more than half the population of the city,—men, women and children—as its champions.

The Maine State College has recently come into possession of a natural history collection, donated by Mr. Gilbert Longfellow of Machias. The collection was given by the father in memory of his two sons, Henry W. and Gilbert Longfellow, formerly students at the college, but who have since died. It contains a beaver, pine martin fisher, mink, loon and owl, nicely mounted, besides shells, various other invertebrate specimens, minerals and curios, all of which will be useful to the department for illustration. The collection belonged to the deceased, and the donation of it to the college was a thoughtful act and an appropriate memorial to his sons.

The *Republican Journal*, Belfast, begins the sixty-fourth volume with eight pages, seven columns to a page, making the paper a great deal larger than in its previous form. It has new machinery, a new press and folder, the paper is cut and folded, the old type has been dumped, and the paper has been treated with a complete new dress of type from the Dickinson Type Foundry, Boston. Previous to this change the *Journal* was almost as perfect as it could be; but there is improvement in the form and in the larger faced type, the old type being rather small for old eyes. Under the able editorial and business management of Charles A. Pilsbury, the old *Journal* starts on a new career of usefulness.

In the annual report to the Legislature, the cattle commissioners of Massachusetts say there was no prevailing epidemic or contagion during 1891. The sporadic cases, though large in aggregates, were but a small per cent of the whole. Tuberculosis exists, and the Legislature is recommended to take measures to prevent and stamp out the disease. The commissioners assert that the charges made by Dr. Bailey of the Maine cattle commissioners against Massachusetts cattle are untrue. The report says: "An active constable with a shot gun is an excellent preventive of the spread of the disease and is recommended when the commissioners cannot be immediately reached."

The Minneapolis *Journal* states that Joseph S. Johnson, one of the earliest settlers in that city, died of pneumonia on Wednesday, and adds:

"Mr. Johnson was born at Farmington, Me., June 15th, 1811, and married Ann Wilder Gillette at Gardiner, in 1841. They came to Minneapolis in May, 1854, and bought the old Daniel Fife claim of 160 acres, including what is now the southern end of Loring park and the Ridgwood district. He has lived on the old homestead ever since. Johnson's Lake was named from its being on his farm. He was one of the original, and was the oldest surviving member of the First Baptist church at the time of his death. He was prominent in the Old Settlers' Club. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson celebrated their golden wedding only a few weeks ago."

It is now settled that on March 15th next, President Harrison will issue his retaliatory proclamation against countries declining reciprocity. Secretary Blaine has just sent notes to the diplomatic representatives of Austria-Hungary, Columbia, Hayti, Nicaragua, Honduras, Spain (for the Philippine Islands) and Venezuela, informing them that on March 15th next, the President would issue his proclamation, unless in the meantime some satisfactory reciprocity arrangement should be made with the countries named. The notice to Spain only applies to the Philippine Islands. Negotiations with France and some other countries have reached such a stage as in the opinion of the President to warrant the Secretary of State in withholding notices to them.

HOME FOR THE BOYS. "Where is my boy to-night;" is a pathetic song, and has moved many a mother's heart. Out in the great world, out from the blessed environments of home, without a mother's care, drifting waifs on the desolate sea of a cold and selfish world. He who puts out his hand and rescues these friendless ones, is a public benefactor. The Rev. George W. Hinckley told "the Story of the Good Will Farm," at the Granite church in this city, Sunday evening, to a large and sympathetic audience. We pity those who could sit unmoved during the recital. Early in his life, it dawned upon his youthful vision, while weeding onions on his father's farm in Connecticut, that the homeless boys were neglected. This idea, and a desire to benefit them, continued to possess his soul, following him while he was securing an education, beckoning him on during the earlier years of his ministry, until at last he laid the foundation of his beneficent life work by adopting into his own family a needy boy who was a street wanderer in the town of Hampden. He would try the experiment with that one boy, and if he should succeed with him it would be an indication that his work was approved by the Master. To that boy's support he would devote one-tenth of his income. He would care for him for one year and if at the end of that time he should have $100 left over, he would not question that the Lord intended for him to take up the work. Mr. Hinckley related how step by step the work progressed, how obstacles were overcome, how his prayers were answered, how many times when in doubt the Lord had directed him, how for every want there had come some glad response. Twice he had determined to buy a farm on which to establish the home, but some providential event had interfered till at last he purchased the broad acres of Good Will Farm, in East Fairfield, pleasantly situated half way between Waterville and Fairfield village, and a flag station on the line of the Maine Central Railroad. There are three cottages at present, and thirty boys, who others is he would be homeless, are cared for. It is intended to continue the cottage system, which is really a home system, and not build a large boarding house. What an opportunity for some lady or gentleman of wealth to erect a cottage at the farm, or an industrial building, which is now very much needed, and thus perpetuate their memory.

Mr. Hinckley related many personal incidents relating to the history of the boys, their rescue from lives of ruin and almost despair. This noble work is supported entirely by the contributions of the people throughout the country, and never yet has there been a lack of funds. May the good resolutions formed Sunday evening at the Congregationalist church, bear rich fruit for Good Will Farm.

ALL THE WAY TO TACOMA. A former Augusta lady, who has for several years resided in Winona, Minn., gives the following interesting account of her visit to the Pacific coast and the "sound country." She will pardon us for giving a portion of her letter, though it was not intended for the public eye:

"I left Winona July 20th, and left Tacoma Aug. 20th; was gone five weeks minus from Thursday night till Monday morn. I was happily disappointed in the cities of Tacoma and Seattle; they were larger and more cityfied than I expected, and such rose beds I had never seen, and so many of them! Well, they were things of beauty and a joy while I was there. Of course June is *the* month there, as with us, but so many remain later; that was the enjoyable part. The La France, Jack and Hermosee were particularly fine, but Jack Frost doesn't trouble them to speak of; no blankets required through the winter. English ivy flourishes the year round.

"I visited Victoria, B. C., in company with some ladies that lived here till something over a year ago. We went on the City of Kingston, a very good boat. Boats there leave on time, and get there ditto. We left Tacoma at 8 o'clock A. M., and got to Victoria Saturday A. M. We had a very enjoyable trip. It is 'English, you know,' and consequently slow to the eyes of an American; about 25,000 inhabitants, including quite a goodly sized 'China Town;' quite a curiosity to me. Five of us hired a carriage, and were driven for two hours over the town. Dunsmir Castle, costing $250,000, was noteworthy. Another object of great interest to me was the British man o' war 'Warspite,' next to the largest in Her Majesty's service. She is hauled up on the dry dock for repairs; 600 men on board. It was a decided novelty to me.

"I visited Olympia two days; saw the head of the sound. Puget Sound makes but very little show on the map, but I was told that it is 36 miles wide. It is a fine body of water. I enjoyed my boat trips very much. It was 38 miles to Olympia, nearly that to Seattle; about 120 miles to Victoria. I had weather to be thankful for, only it was a little too mild. I don't enjoy going over trestles; one was 226 feet high. Cascade tunnel, over a mile long, is lighted by electric lights. As we came out at 6 o'clock P. M., I had my first view of famous Mt. Tacoma, 4,444 feet high. That's all right, if you live in Tacoma; Mt. Ranies, if at Seattle; and if you wish to be courteous, say, 'The Mountain.' There are many elegant residences in Tacoma, but the business portion of Seattle is finer, as they have rebuilt since the fire. Do I want to go there and live? No, I thank you!"

NATIONAL BANK OFFICERS. The three national banks in the city held an election of officers, Tuesday afternoon, with the following result:

First National. Directors—Daniel A. Cony, Thomas Lambard, Oscar Holway, James W. North, Lendall Titcomb. Daniel A. Cony was chosen President, and Charles S. Hichborn continues as Cashier.

Granite National. Directors—John W. Chase, James W. Bradbury, Horace H. Hamlen, Treby Johnson, George E. Macomber. John W. Chase was chosen President, and Treby Johnson, Cashier.

Augusta National. Directors—Samuel Titcomb, M. V. B. Chase, Elias Milliken, John F. Hill, B. F. Parrott, E. W. Whitehouse. Samuel Titcomb, President; J. R. Gould, Cashier.

The First National and Granite have just declared a four per cent. semi-annual dividend, and the Augusta three per cent.

TOO MUCH DISCIPLINE. Discipline is a good thing, but it may be overdone, in which case the result is formalism, and a formalist is the most uninteresting of human beings to natural, unaffected men and women. Your rigid disciplinarians are apt to commit sad mistakes, especially as regards children. They insist on making boys and girls what heaven never intended them to be—precisions.

By nature children are noisy, rollicking, impulsive creatures, and it is blind cruelty to put their minds and limbs into straitjackets. Let them romp—"it is their nature too." To discipline their natural impulses out of them is to countervail the kind purposes of the Creator.

Nobody attempts to interfere with the skipping of lambs. Why should the young of the human species be snubbed for being equally frolicsome?

Piscataquis County Agricultural Societies have elected Mr. A. W. Gilman of Foxcroft, as member of the Board of Agriculture to succeed Mr. Daggett. Mr. Gilman is a wide awake, progressive man, one of the largest farmers in the county, has an extended acquaintance with the resources of the State, acquired through two terms service on the State Valuation Commissions, and must prove a valuable member. No county has exerted a greater influence than this, and Mr. Daggett's services have been in constant demand all over the State. Having served two full terms, he now retires to give place to a brother farmer of unquestioned ability.

A meeting of the Republican County Committee was held in this city, yesterday. The committee organized with the election of Charles D. Wood of Winthrop, Chairman; S. C. Whitmore of Gardiner, Secretary; and E. C. Stevens of Chelsea, Treasurer. It was decided to make the Gubernatorial vote of 1888 as the basis of representation. Another meeting will be held the first week in May, at which the time of holding the convention will be fixed.

Rev. G. S. Hill, a Baptist minister residing at Wiley's Corner, St. George, received a paralytic shock, Friday morning, and is in a very critical condition.

A GRAND SHOWING. If a carpenter is known by his chips, a farmer should be by his crops and stock. Judged by these, Farmer Campbell, of the State Insane Asylum, has been scoring a big success the past few years. In the selection of the site for the present asylum, and the purchase of the large farm, the State officials showed great wisdom; for in all the years the response from the farm has been hearty, and its fertility fully maintained. The institution has been fortunate in having as Stewards men who have had an appreciation of agriculture, and Superintendents in full sympathy with all their efforts. Under Steward C. B. Lakin, the crop producing power of the farm was materially advanced, while marked improvements were made in other departments. But Mr. Lakin became so in love with agricultural work that he retired, to purchase a home in Virginia, where in truck farming and stock raising he is making a success. Hon. J. W. Chase, who succeeded him, had also a strong desire to still further improve the farm, and the years of his management were marked by large crops and overflowing barns. Under the tutelage of these skilled business men, Mr. M. S. Campbell came to his present position as Steward and Treasurer well equipped for the manifold duties of this responsible position. In the two years since his appointment, one may see marked results upon the farm, the garden and the stables, and it is to these we would at this time call attention as indicating what energy will do.

The accounts of the officers of the institution have been rendered for the year ending Dec. 1, 1891, and the footings tell the story. We have no institution in which the people of the State, irrespective of locality, take such interest as in this, and every item connected with it has value. Especially does this apply to the financial management. Fortunate for the State, the officers in charge here have been men of known ability and unspotted integrity, and Steward Campbell is winning hearty praise from every source because of the results obtained. The total footings for the year just closed show $3600 saved in subsistence account over 1890, while the daily average number of patients has been 37 more than in 1890. This increase has, of course, necessitated a larger number of attendants, so that at least forty persons more have subsisted daily at the institution than last year.

Looking over the farm Jan. 1st, we found 82 acres under the plow, ready for cropping next year, with 25 all fertilized for early seeding. Eight acres of pasture were last year cleared and plowed, and 3000 feet of under drain laid. The expense for this must have been more than one thousand dollars, and yet it has been a part of the farm work, and so is not credited. In the barns were 43 cows, which have produced 68,160 quarts of milk for the house, besides raising 43 calves, 23 of which are heifers, to be kept. The average product of these cows has been 1585 quarts, which, taken in connection with the calves raised, is a very creditable showing. The hay product the past year was 359½ tons; potatoes, 131,-270 lbs.; oats, 421 bushels; beans, 26½ bushels, and other crops, making a total cash value from farm products of $7,538.02. From the garden there were realized $4,872 81, so that the total to be credited the farm for 1891 is $12,410.83. Five pairs of oxen are being kept for farm work, to be dressed when in condition. In the cellars are 362 hogs and pigs, while the net profits from this department during the year have been $896. The cows, which were common grades, are being gradually changed over into high grade Holsteins, selected with special reference to quality and quantity of milk, the pure bred bull now growing being highly inbred to the most noted strains in the country. The 43 calves, yearlings and two-year-olds, are promising animals, and well repay an examination.

As fast as the carrying capacity of the farm will admit under intensive culture, the stock of cows will be increased to meet the demand for milk. Next year a larger acreage will be put into potatoes and corn, the latter to be grown for the silo in order to reduce still further the cost of keeping. Looking sharply after all the avenues of expense, and working, with able assistants, to swell the products of the farm, Mr. Campbell is doing the State a most valuable service. If able to carry out present plans, he will, within a few years, from the crops grown, be milking one hundred or more cows, saving to the State, annually, from four to five thousand dollars.

The lot of twenty-five acres, in truck farming, is one of the most profitable pieces of land to be found, and under the direction and personal supervision of Mr. W. H. Allen, will be pressed to the utmost. With a family of about nine hundred to feed, the Steward must be a busy man, with few hours for leisure, and a burden of care and responsibility of which the average business man cannot dream. The hearty words of commendation bestowed upon this department by the Trustees, under whose general supervision the whole has been accomplished, and by the Governor's Council, who have thoroughly examined the accounts, speaks volumes for the ability and faithfulness of Mr. Campbell.

BUSINESS IN PROBATE COURT, KENNEBEC COUNTY. Edwin F. Farnham of Augusta was appointed Administrator on the estate of Benjamin S. Farnham of Augusta. George W. Searles of Chelsea was appointed Administrator on the estate of Melintha D. Searles of Chelsea. John R. Lynn of Randolph was appointed Administrator on the estate of Lettie E. Lynn of Randolph. Ernest G. Luce of Augusta was appointed Administrator on the estate of Helen M. Luce of Augusta. Edward B. Merrill of Boston, Mass., was appointed Administrator on the estate of Eunice M. Kinsley of Clinton.

Orrin A. Tuell of Augusta was appointed Guardian of William Heald of Augusta, a person adjudged to be of unsound mind. George H. Freeman of Hallowell was appointed Guardian of his child, Pauline Hamilton Freeman of Hallowell. Frank W. Douglass of Whitefield was appointed Guardian of Mary E., Sarah J., and Maud B. Higgins of Chelsea. Julia E. Reed of China was appointed Guardian of Welcome S. Reed of China.

Wills proved, approved and allowed: Of Harriet E. Whitmore of Gardiner; Ellen J. Whitmore of Brunswick, appointed Executrix, and A. L. Perry of Gardiner, Agent. Of Fred Littlefield of Gardiner; F. H. Parkhurst of Bangor and O. B. Clason of Gardiner, appointed Administrators with will annexed. Of Thomas Little of Augusta; Wm. A. Pidgin of Lewiston, appointed Executor. Of J. Warren Starkey, of Vassalboro; Thomas H. Starkey of Vassalboro, appointed Executor. Of Samuel Horn of West Gardiner; Eben Horn of West Gardiner, appointed Executor. Of Ezekiel Blake of Hallowell; Laura A. Blake of Hallowell, appointed Executrix.

In the Insolvency Court, H. L. Hunton and Wm. H. Macartney of Oakland, were appointed Assignees on the insolvent estates of Geo. W. Hubbard and Charles A. Hall of Oakland.

Russia alone of the European nations had confidence in our ability to suppress the Rebellion, and if aid was needed, Russia was ready to offer this aid. The present is the day of Russia's extremity. We have an opportunity to pay a debt of gratitude. For this reason we regret that the House of Representatives in effect killed the Senate joint resolution providing, at the expense of the government, for the transportation of the contributions of American millers to the starving poor of Russia.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. Chas. B. Gilman. Some of this stock he offers for sale has always been first premium winners at both our State Fairs and at the New England Fair. They have been bred with the greatest care.

Mr. J. C. Chilcott, editor of the *Ellsworth American*, has in his last week's paper a fine picture of his pleasant countenance. For obvious reasons it isn't every editor in Maine who would dare to publish his own picture.

Following is the record of lime manufactured at Thomaston the past year: J. O. Cushing & Co., 110,000 barrels; J. A. Creighton & Co., 75,000; Burgess, O'Brien & Co., 60,000; L. S. Snow & Co., 30,000. This line is constantly reaching new markets.

The Houlton *Times* comes to us in a new and enlarged form, full of interesting matter.

IN THE MYSTIC RIVER. The body of poor Tena Davis of Everett, Mass., was found, Sunday, in the Mystic River. A few hours after the Everett police were notified of the finding of the body, her lover, James A. Trefothen and his brother-in-law, William H. Smith, were placed under arrest, the former on a charge of murder, the latter as accessory after the fact. A superficial examination of the body was made for traces of foul play. The face was badly discolored on one side, and also upon the forehead, no deep cuts or bruises, however, being indicated. The discoloration was thought to be possibly due to the action of the water in rolling the body about on the bottom of the river and against the banks.

One of the officers of the law, in referring to Trefothen, said: "We have already got a better case against him than they had against Dr. Graves in Denver."

Tena mysteriously disappeared on the night of Dec. 23d, and it is stated that on Sunday last a citizen of Somerville, whose name is withheld, but whose word can be relied upon, informed the police that he was on the Mystic River near the drawbridge in a boat on the evening of Dec. 23, at 8 o'clock, the tide being half out. He heard a woman's voice pleading for mercy on the bridge, and heard a man's voice, but in the darkness and drizzling rain he could only distinguish the forms. Names were called and the woman used the word Bert, by which title Trefothen was usually addressed by Tena Davis. The woman finally began shrieking which ended with a splash in the water.

The full name of the unfortunate girl is Delizea Davis. She was the daughter of Dr. David W. and Mary Jane (Gilman) Davis, and was born at the village of Lockes' Mills, in the town of Greenwood in 1865. Dr. Davis and wife were natives of Effingham, N. H. The body has been brought to Bethel and placed in the receiving tomb.

GRANGE DEPUTIES. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Grange, held at the Elm House, in Auburn, Thursday afternoon and evening, the following State Deputies were appointed: Deputies at large, Nelson Ham, Lewiston; E. H. Gregory, Bangor; J. L. Browne, Bowdoinham; I. O. Winslow, St. Albans; Rufus Stone, North Union; Edward Wiggin, Maysville Centre. County Deputies:

Androscoggin—B. F. Cobb, Poland.
Aroostook—C. Powers, Caribou; Isaac Cushman, Sherman Mills; S. F. Merritt, Houlton.
Cumberland—N. C. Pinkham, Bolster's Mills; W. H. Vinton, Gray.
Franklin—L. G. Keyes, North Jay.
Hancock—H. H. Hale, North Brooklin; H. J. Harriman, Buckspo.
Kennebec—W. S. Weeks, Augusta; Wm. H Keith, Winthrop.
Knox—Fred A. Blackington, Rockland.
Oxford—W. H. Tracy, North Norway.
Penobscot—L. W. Jordan, Dexter; Nathan Averill, Lee; J. W. Greene.
Piscataquis—Roscoe G. Tibbetts, Brownville.
Somerset—Abel Thompson, North New Portland.
Sagadahoc—J. F. Upton, Bath.
Waldo—G. W. Ritchie, West Winterport; Mayo Harriman, Centre Montville.
Washington—Will G. Harriman, Meddybemps; H. W. Hook.
York—Horace Harrison, Buxton Centre.

The above list is not complete, and the other appointments will be made later.

RICHES COMING TO MAINE. The following are the bequests made to Maine people by the late Mrs. Catherine Garcelon, of Oakland, California:

To Catherine M. Noyes of Topsham, $2,000.
To Mrs. Harriet Small of Bowdoinham, the sum of $1,000.
To Mrs. May Haley of Kennebunk, the sum of $1,000.
To Captain Albert Otis of Brunswick, the sum of $2,000.
To Mrs. Helen Otis of Brunswick, the sum of $1,000.
To Miss Alice Otis of Brunswick, the sum of $1,000.
To Miss Carrie Otis of Brunswick, the sum of $1,000.
To Kate M. Lunt of Lisbon, $2,000.
To Mrs. Ruth Purinton of Brunswick, $300.
To Mrs. May Smith, daughter of Ruth Purinton of Brunswick, $3,000, as and for her separate property and estate, free and clear of all control of her husband or his creditors.
To Miss Catherine Smith, daughter of May Smith of Brunswick, $5,000.
To Miss Minnie Smith, daughter of May Smith of Brunswick, $2,000.
To Miss Helen Smith, daughter of May Smith of Brunswick, $2,000.
To Charles Smith, son of May Smith of Brunswick, $2,000.
To Samuel M. Smith, son of May Smith of Brunswick, $2,000.
To John Alexander of Topsham, $2,000.
To Mrs. Mariana Gowell, daughter of John Alexander, deceased, of Topsham, $1,000.
To Mrs. Almira Carr, daughter of John Alexander, deceased, of Topsham, $1,000.
To William Purinton, son of Albert Purinton, deceased, of Bangor, $2,000.
To Nathaniel Purinton, son of Albert Purinton, deceased, of Bangor, $2,000.
To Miss Susan Purinton, daughter of Albert Purinton, deceased, of Bangor, $2,000.
To Miss Ann Purinton, daughter of Albert Purinton, deceased, of Bangor, $2,000.
To Mrs. Charles Purinton, wife of Charles Purinton, deceased, of Bowdoinham, $1,000.
To Ralph Purinton, son of Charles Purinton, deceased, of Bowdoinham, $500.
To Rinaldo Purinton, son of Charles Purinton, deceased, of Bowdoinham, $500.
To Henry S. Merritt of North Pownal, $5,000.
To John Merritt of Brunswick, $3,000.
To Fannie Merritt, daughter of John Merritt of Brunswick, $2,000
To Mollie Purinton, daughter of F. H. Purinton, the sum of $1,000.
To Mrs. Dorothy Purinton of Harpswell, the sum of $1,000.
To Stephen Purinton of Harpswell, the sum of $1,000.
To Caroline Purinton, daughter of Stephen Purinton of Harpswell, the sum of $3,000.
To Isabella S. Haskell of Bridgton, the sum of $2,000.
To Dr. William Haskell, son of Isabella S. Haskell of Bridgton, the sum of $3,000.

NOMINATIONS. Gov. Burleigh has made the following nominations:

Railroad Commissioner—Asa W. Wildes, Skowhegan.
State Superintendent of Schools—Nelson A. Luce, Vassalboro.
Inspector of Prisons and Jails—Charles W. Jones, Augusta.
Committees to Examine the Accounts of the State Treasurer—James F. Brackett, Limington; F. Marion Simpson, Carmel; Thos. W. Porter, Burlington; Hall C. Burleigh, Vassalboro; Charles H. Hooper, Castine.
Commissioner of Harbor and Tidal Water—Henry Fox, Portland.
Agent to Prevent Cruelty—G. P. Coburn, Carthage.
Trial Justice—Irving E. Seavey, Vanceboro; Samuel Warson, Surry, P. O. East.
Notary Public—Carl Weber, Portland; Thomas J. Lynch, Augusta; Charles P. Allen, Presque Isle; Albert P. Currier, Sedgwick; Turner Buswell, Solon, P. O. Skowhegan.
Justice of the Peace and Quorum—L. M. Webb, Portland; William F. Curran, Bangor; John E. Moody, Lebanon, P. O. Centre; George F. Stevens, Winn, P. O. East; E. S. Crafts, Auburn, P. O., West; Samuel Dunbar, Castine, P. O., North; Herbert O. Johnson, Sullivan, P. O., East; Frederick A. H. Stackpole, Kenduskeag; B. B. Thatcher, Bangor; George T. Sewall, Old Town; William E. Bogart, Hampden.

DEATH OF THE KHEDIVE. Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, died on Thursday. The body was removed Friday morning from the Helonan palace in Cairo, and was deposited in the Abdin palace. The removal of the remains was accompanied by most impressive ceremonies, in which all the notabilities of Egypt, European and native, took part. The funeral took place in the afternoon. A sensational story has been started that the Khedive was poisoned.

Abbas Pasha, who is 17 years old, and the eldest son and successor of the Khedive, was in Vienna when the intelligence of the death of his father reached him. He immediately telegraphed to the President of the council that the news was so entirely unexpected that he was terribly overcome. The Khedive's death, he said, was a misfortune to the whole of Egypt.

Abbas Pasha also announced his intention of starting immediately for Cairo, to assume the duties which devolved upon him through his father's death.

The society event at Showhegan, on Monday, was the marriage of General R. B. Shepherd, President of the Second National Bank, and well known in the State, and Mrs. Edith L. Goodwin, a niece of Mrs. James G. Blaine. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. Y. Hanson. Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd are making a trip to the Pacific coast, where they will remain during the winter.

It will be seen by notice elsewhere, that the Atkinson House Furnishing Co. has declared another five per cent. dividend for six months.

STATE DAIRY CONFERENCE. The State Dairy Conference, to be holden in Auburn Hall, Jan. 26-28, is already attracting much attention. Sec'y Gilbert, determined to make it all that is possible, is now in Vermont, attending a like meeting, hoping to secure additional speakers of the highest ability. The special prize list offered for dairy exhibits must draw out a full display of butter from the well-known dairy farms of Maine.

A. L. & E. F. Goss, Lewiston, manufacturers of Cooley creamers, and dealers in factory outfits and dairy supplies, offer for best private dairy butter, not less than five pounds, made from cream raised in a Cooley creamer, a silver set consisting of sugar bowl, creamer and spoon holder, value $15. Also for second best, the choice between a Kimmerson butter print and a Common Sense butter worker. The board offers, for best sample of private make, print butter—four prints—$3.00, 1st; $2.00, 2d; and $1.00, 3rd. Factory make, four prints, same; private dairy cheese, one sample, same; factory make, plain, same. Exhibits must all be in place by Wednesday noon, 27th. All successful competitors for butter prizes will be required to make statement in detail to the Secretary of the Board of breed of cows, with feed and care; also method of make, before premiums will be paid. Butter will be examined by scale of points.

CONGRESSIONAL. In Senate, Wednesday, Mr. Stewart's bill for the free coinage of gold and silver bullion was taken up. Mr. Morrill addressed the Senate in opposition. After a short executive session the Senate, out of respect to the memory of the late Representative Gamble of South Dakota, adjourned until Thursday.

In House, Wednesday, the Senate joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to transport contributions for the relief of the suffering poor of Russia, was indefinitely postponed, 93 to 87.

In Senate, Thursday, the resolutions which instructed the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the condition of the Nicaragua canal, were amended by instructing the committee to inquire what money had been actually expended for that purpose, and what contracts or other obligations had been made by the company. The resolution was then agreed to.

In House, Thursday, the following bills were introduced and referred: By Mr. Pierce of Tennessee, for the free coinage of silver; for the imposition of an income tax; for the prevention of trusts. By Mr. Lenham of Texas, for the free coinage of silver. By Mr. Stewart of Texas, placing hay, grain and cotton ties on the free list; to promote reciprocity between the United States and Mexico; fixing the Presidential term at six years. By Mr. Culbertson of Texas, to prevent the contraction of the currency and to increase the volume of the currency. By Mr. Baily of Texas, to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy. By Mr. Grout of Vermont, for the issue of fractional silver certificates.

Both branches adjourned until next Monday. The Senate, Monday, in executive session, ratified the general act signed at Brussels, July 2d, 1890, by 17 powers, including the United States, for the suppression of the African slave trade, and which convention of commerce and navigation between the United States and the Independent State of the Congo, signed at Brussels, July 24th, 1891. A joint resolution, proposing an amendment to that portion of the consititution which prohibits all persons of foreign birth, not citizens of the United States, from voting for any office, either State or National, will be vigorously pressed by Senator Chandler, its projector. The purpose of the amendment is to take the authority to issue naturalization papers out of the hands of the State Courts and place it under the control of the federal government.

In House, Monday, a bill was introduced by Mr. Cummings of New York, to make legal the naturalization certificates issued by the municipal court of Biddeford, Me.

A resolution was offered by Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky, repealing the third section of the McKinley law and enacting in lieu thereof a section authorizing the President to issue a proclamation admitting free of duty the products of any nation the American henhidden in which no import duty is imposed on flour, corn, meal, meats, oils, lumber, agricultural implements, machinery, steel rails, etc.

Mr. Dingley of Maine favored the memorial of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers protesting against any change in the wool and woolen tariff.

The Senate, Tuesday, passed a number of bills, including one appropriating $335,000 for the construction of two United States revenue cutters for service on the Pacific coast. This bill gave rise to a long discussion, involving a question of the transfer of the revenue marine service to the navy department, and that of the necessity of having swift revenue cutters on the Pacific coast to prevent the smuggling of opium and Chinamen into the United States. A bill was presented to provide for fortifications and other sea coast defenses.

In House, Tuesday, Mr. Fellows of New York introduced a bill increasing the pension of soldiers who lost both eyes or limbs. Referred. Mr. Long of Texas introduced a bill for the development and encouragement of silk culture in the United States, under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture.

ACCIDENTS. Mr. Ethalbert Buzzell of Palmyra while working in Sangerville, recently cut his foot very badly with an ax. The foot was found in very bad shape, necessitating the amputation of three toes and a small portion of the foot.—Deck Brown of Palmyra had his hand badly mangled by the accidental discharge of a revolver.—Nelson Hodgkins of Fairfield, while stopping at Pishon's Ferry, cut his foot very severely while chopping cord wood last week. The blow was received from the whole bit of the axe, cutting nearly through the foot.—Fred Gowen of Wellington met with quite an accident a few days ago. He had been away and was returning home with a gun on his shoulder, which he had placed over the muzzle when he slipped and fell which discharged the gun, taking the third finger off. His hand is doing well.—Robert Hillman of Dover, a little boy 6 or 7 years old, skated into the river but was rescued by an older lad before going under.—S. B. True, Esq., of Parkman, met with quite a painful accident the other day, while unloading hay, the iron grappling falling, striking him on the kneecap.—Andrew J. Morrison, a section hand on the Maine Central, was struck by the first eastern train Thursday morning, at West Falmouth, and was instantly killed. He evidently did not hear the train. He was a young man, unmarried and lived in West Falmouth.—Jefferson Wilson one of Brunswick's well known citizens, was chopping wood with Mr. Call on Brunswick Plains, Saturday, when, as he raised his axe over his head, it caught on a limb and came down striking him on the back of his head. He fell to the ground. Mr. Call saw him and going to him helped him to his feet and stopped the flow of blood.—Mr. Nelson Walker of Strong, met with quite an accident Thursday. He was working for Mr. Dyer in his car shop. While carrying a joice of hard pine with Mr. Sylvester it slipped from their hands and one end fell upon Mr. Walker's foot jamming it very badly and crushing one or more of his toes to a jelly.—There was a sad case of accidental death in Deering, Friday evening, Mrs. Emery D. Harmon dying of an overdose of morphine. For some years Mrs. Harmon has been subject to attacks of illness, during which she suffered great pain. To relieve this distress, morphine had been prescribed, and Mrs. Harmon had been in the habit of taking it. Friday afternoon, Mrs. Harmon came into Portland. She was then apparently in good health. She returned to her home, and later complained of feeling ill. She sank into a stupor, and died at 8.30. On the dressing case in Mrs. Harmon's room was some morphine powder, and in the opinion of the physician an overdose of this caused her death. Mrs. Harmon had taken some of the powder after being taken ill, and must have made a mistake in the dose. Mrs. Harmon was 32 years old.—Charles E. Frost, 15 years of age, while playing in company with other boys at Milltown last week, fell from the bridge leading to the Kezar shingle mill, into the water and was drowned.—John York, while at work moving a stable at Fairfield, Thursday, was hit in the head by a lever connected with a windlass, receiving a severe cut over the eye and sustaining injuries that may prove serious.—Mr. L. C. Richards of Chesterville, a farmer sixty years of age, went to the high scaffold in his barn, on Friday morning last, and forgetting that an opening was near walked off, striking upon his feet 13 feet below. He succeeded in crawling to the door where his wife found him, and then she called for help by sounding the horn, and in a short time a doctor was in attending with somewhat favorable prospects. No bones were broken, but he was severely bruised and shaken, and internal injuries are feared.

PORTLAND HUNTERS. Joe Francis, the well-known guide, in relating some of his experiences of the past season, says:

"While I was with a party in the moose calling season, near Eagle Lake, we were out one night and suddenly came upon two young fellows from Portland who were on a hunting trip and had evidently heard about calling moose, but did not know anything about the art, for one of them was innocently calling in a soothing voice, 'moosey, moosey,' as if he thought moose were called in the same manner as kittens.

"A few nights later we were out and heard a strange noise at a point on the lake not far off. I said I thought there was some one lost, for that was the only way I could account for the noise. When we got near enough I shouted to the fellows and asked them what was the matter. They replied that they were calling moose. I told them to keep still or they would frighten every moose in the State."

Grange News and Notes.

—The annual election of officers of Eustis Grange, P. of H., No. 34, resulted in the following choice:

Master—L. D. Grose.
Overseer—C. C. Sampson.
Lecturer—G. W. Jones.
Steward—Orrin Taylor.
Assistant Steward—B. E. Savage.
Chaplain—J. Myers.
Treasurer—J. A. Standish.
Secretary—Mrs. L. D. Grose.
Gate Keeper—A. Wyman—
Pomona—Mrs. Ida Greene.
Flora—Mrs. Susan Wyman.
Ceres—Mrs. L. A. Standish.
Lady Ass't Steward—Mrs. D. C. Durrell.

—White Oak Grange installed the following officers Dec. 18th:

Master—E. T. Benner.
Overseer—E. V. Anderson.
Lecturer—Mrs. G. B. Young.
Steward—A. F. Stahl.
Assistant Steward—G. Benner.
Chaplain—L. Kalloch.
Treasurer—G. T. Martin.
Secretary—D. D. Bisbee.
Gate Keeper—C. A. Spear.
Pomona—M. B. Gerrish.
Flora—M. H. Bisbee.
Ceres—Mrs. C. Benner.
Lady Ass't Steward—M. A. Fuller.

—The next meeting of

Items of Maine News.

The grip is prevailing to an almost unprecedented extent all over the State.

The clothing shops at Brooks are busy, and lots of work is coming in.

New buildings to the value of $49,700 are erected in Belfast last year.

During the past year, 1891, there were forty-six deaths in Searsport, against fifty in 1889, and thirty-seven in 1890.

The new town hall at Orono is to be dedicated on the evening of Washington's birthday by Eagle Hose Co., No. 2.

Mr. Columbus Marshall of North Anson has a crew of men at work in West Madison making shovel blocks.

Woodbury G. Gooch, a prominent Biddeford citizen, died at Biddeford Sunday of pneumonia.

Harvey Sawyer of Brewer was found dead in his house, Monday. He lived alone and probably had been dead a week.

Benjamin F. Pierce, general trader, Mars Hill, is offering 50 cents. W. I. Adams, tinsmith, East Boothbay, is offering 35 cts.

Mr. Harrison Salley of West Madison has lost five hogs from some mysterious cause after a sickness of a few days, and has more sick with the same disorder.

Hon. Joseph Williamson of Belfast was elected Vice President for Maine by the New England Genealogical Society, Wednesday.

Shoe shipments from the factory of W. H. Morgan & Co., Richmond for the week ending Thursday, were 181 cases; or 10,-900 pairs.

Charles E. Allen is working up a history of Dresden. He has become very much interested in tracing the genealogy of the early settlers of the town.

Both sides are busy preparing for the suit of the Directors of the Shoe and Leather Bank of Auburn against the bondsmen of Ex-Cashier Percival.

Lewis Brewster, convicted of the manslaughter of Charles A. Brown at the last term of court in Waldo county, has been sentenced to ten months in the county jail. He is old and paralytic.

The steamer Moorish Prince arrived at New York, reports that her chief officer, John Hughes, a native of Bangor, a fireman and the second and third engineers, died of yellow fever at Rio Janeiro.

Ex-Governor Robie, Isaac Atkinson and others in Portland have raised some $60,-000 towards the purchase of a great plush factory in England, and removing the same to Maine.

A committee designated by Congressman Dingley to examine candidates for appointment to West Point, has recommended Linton S. Small, of Auburn, with Lucian Macy, of Porter, as alternate.

Business has been very brisk at the Pistaquis Woolen Mill, in Guilford recently, and the proprietors have found it necessary to employ a night crew in order to meet the demand for its fabrics.

News was received in Searsport, recently, of the death at Alton Bay, N. H., of Mrs. Abigail Tripp, widow of the late Benjamin Tripp. Mrs. Tripp was at one time quite noted as an advent preacher, but was stricken with blindness several years ago.

Cherryfield, one of the prettiest, smartest, best and most unapproachable towns in Washington county, is going in for a fire department, water works, and all the modern improvements. But what Cherryfield needs most is a railroad.

One day recently, Messrs. Samuel P. Jordan and Chas. Farrell of Ellsworth, killed in Trenton woods, three fine deer and wounded another. So far as we have heard, these young sports are "in a high line" in deer killing the present winter.

Mr. Chas. Eaton of Green's Landing, is eighty-three years of age, but notwithstanding, he has already cut his winter's wood, about nine cords, and is only waiting for enough more to cut, when he will prepare the entire nine cords for the stove.

Mrs. Rachel Weston, the oldest person in Fryeburg, died last week in her 92d year. She was the daughter of Jonathan Ward, and was born in Concord, N. H., Sept. 30, 1800. She came to Fryeburg with her parents in 1801.

John S. Coburn, one of Rockland's oldest and best known citizens, died Thursday morning, aged 81 years. His business was that of a contractor and builder. He was a prominent democrat. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

At the new Cabot Mill, Brunswick, eight Dobson & Barlow mule spinners have arrived and are being set up. They are of English make and were shipped from Liverpool. Two machinists came from England to put the machines up.

Wilbur Webster of Mattawamkeag and George Read of Hermon started with the mail from Northeast carry Monday night of last week, to skate to Kineo and have not been heard from since. It is supposed they skated into a hole in the ice.

Hen roost thieves do not get off easy down East. John Mosher, aged 40, Arthur and Almon Roe, aged 19 and 20, were taken from South Norridgewock to Thomaston, Tuesday, by Jailer Newbert, where they will serve out a sentence of two years each for robbing hen roosts in the town and vicinity.

During recent rains, many of the roads leading into Bingham village were for a time impassable. The ice came down the Austin stream, wrecking the bridge in Moscow, and, forming in the mill pond, threw the water to the west across the flat, the people there having to take to the boats.

Schooner New Zealand of Ellsworth, Me., which struck on Little Fawn bar, Mass., Wednesday, and later rescued from the surf, was beached at City Point to prevent sinking. A part of the cargo of salt was dissolved. The remainder will probably be saved. She was loaded at Gloucester.

William M. Mower, a much respected citizen of Auburn, dropped dead at his home, Saturday. He was taken ill soon after breakfast, and a physician was called in. The physician prescribed for the patient and left him comfortable, remarking that he would probably be all right soon.

Gold has been discovered at Fairfield. The ore has been examined by experts and the certificates of assay were shown to correspondents, and from them the following is taken: Surface gold, $11 74 per ton, river $3 50 per ton. From specimens taken below surface, gold $12.36, silver $2.40.

The schooner Georgians of Rockland, bound from Rockland for Bluehill with wood, went ashore on the breakwater at Rockland, Wednesday night, and went to pieces in a few hours. Two sailors, Peter Brown of Rockland, and Henry Mathews of Canada, were lost. The bodies have not been recovered.

All the hunters in Moddybemps have returned, and some have obtained the full number of deer allowed by law. Those most in luck were Charles Hatton, Bennie and Wm. Lombard, Isaiah Smith and Otis Bridges. Some deer have been killed in town, and all deer killed this season are reported unusually large and fat.

A son of De Witt Abbott of Knox, was skating recently, when the ice broke and let him in. As he tried to get out the ice kept breaking away, and he would doubtless have drowned if he had not received aid. Seeing a dead log which had got some pieces of plank and pushed them out to the boy, and in this way got him out of the pond. He was badly chilled, and has been quite sick as a result of his adventure.

The schooner William Wilson, from a coal port for Portland, anchored during the thick snow storm Wednesday night, between Gooseberry Island and Hope's Head, Mass., where she rode out the gale in safety. The captain and crew took to the boat and landed on Gooseberry Island, and remained until morning. The schooner was towed in by the tug to a safe anchorage, Thursday morning.

The West Paris Manufacturing Company have assigned. The assets are $60,000; liabilities, $58,000. The business will be run by the assignee with a view to manufacturing the stock now on hand, preparatory to final disposition of the property. This plant is well located and splendidly equipped and the products of the factory have become favorably known and are in good demand everywhere.

Messrs. Herbert Sprague and Edward Morgan of West Pembroke, returned from a very successful hunting trip of a few days to Wesley, recently. They shot two deer, a buck and a doe, both large and fat, two bears, one a big fellow, a fine lot of rabbits. The skins of the bears were in prime condition and are valuable. Owing to the long distance they had to go before reaching the hunting ground, and the rough weather of nearly every day of the trip, Messrs. Sprague and Morgan's success was remarkable, though both are crack shots.

In a lumber camp in Molunkus, David McDonald of New Brunswick, a chopper, was taken violently insane and with a knife attacked the crew, driving them into the woods. Later he took a crosscut saw and went into the forest. Here he was set upon by the crew who feared he would make away with himself, but he fought long and hard, using a stout club as a weapon. Several are reported injured. McDonald was lodged in the logging camp. The Mattawamkeag selectmen were appealed to for a force to capture him and are now asked to remove him to the Insane Asylum.

One of the latest enterprises for developing water power in Maine, is projected by Portland and Norridgewock gentlemen who have just bonded for five years a lot of land at Norridgewock Falls, on the Kennebec, at South Norridgewock. They propose to build a dam and develop the valuable power for manufacturing purposes. The river is narrow at this point and in other ways naturally adopted for manufacturing. The cataract has a twelve-feet fall. The Somerset railroad runs within a stone's throw of the site of the proposed manufacturing industry. A company is to be organized in a few days to push things. Mr. D. W. Ames is one of the prime movers.

Items of General News.

Five thousand cases of the grip are reported on the Island of Guernsey.

Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, U. S. N., (retired) died in Washington, Friday evening, of heart disease.

The Florence and Globe stage was held up at Riverside, Ariz., and robbed of express box and bullion, Monday.

The judges of the Supreme Court in Connecticut have unanimously decided that Mr. Bulkley is Governor of that State.

Attachments to the amount of $120,000 have been filed against Col. Jonas H. French, of the defunct Maverick National Bank, Boston.

Rev. Charles S. Daniel, formerly rector of the Episcopal church at St. Chrysostom, Pa., was found guilty, Monday, of misappropriating $4,500 of missionary collections.

A dispatch from Vandalia, Ill., says 5,000 of the 15,000 inhabitants of that city are suffering from the grip. At Tuscola, Ill., and Wancoma, Iowa, the malady is violently epidemic.

State Attorney General Daniel Barnard of New Hampshire, died from pneumonia at his home at Franklin Falls, Sunday morning. His disease grew out of the grip and the patient was badly reduced by overwork. His age was 60 years.

Dr. Graves has been denied a new trial, and Judge Rising has sentenced the condemned man to be hanged within the two weeks begining Jan. 31st. Governor Routt states that the doctor shall have time enough to be heard in the Supreme Court if his excellency has to grant a reprieve.

James Morrison, William Hamilton, Isaac W. Gammons, James A. Fraser and Charles A. Barney, all of Somerville, Mass., were arrested Monday on the charge of having received $50,000 alleged to have been embezzled from the Rising Sun, an endowment order.

At Columbus, Ohio, on Monday, William McKinley, Jr., was inaugurated Governor of Ohio, with eclat, in imposing pageantry, and in numbers unexampled in the State's history. Prior to the message of the new Governor, Gov. Campbell made the introductory address. The parade had over 9000 men in line.

In the matter of the Hastings accident on the New York Central Road, the State Board of Railroad Commissioners find the immediate cause of the accident was the criminal failure of Herrick to signal the St. Louis express. The other employes connected with the accident are censured by the Commissioners. The board approves of the determination to equip the road with the block system.

Returns of the city election, in Toronto, show that for the first time in the history of Canada women have been elected to office. Mrs. Mary McDowell, leader of the Canadian woman suffrage movement, Dr. Augusta S. Gullen and Mrs. Harrison were elected to the public school board. Numbers of women taxpayers voted for all the city officers and were very courteously received at the polls.

The annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association occurred Thursday night at the Vendome Hotel, Boston. Two hundred and fifty members and guests were present. Secretary Blaine, who was invited, was unable to be present. Reciprocity with South America was the subject discussed. The dining hall was elaborately decorated, and many distinguished guests were present.

Consternation has been created among property holders at Beaver Falls, Pa., over a telegram from Washington saying that the government officials had refused to take the site for the new government building there, because of defective title. The site, as well as nine-tenths of the property in Beaver Falls, formerly belonged to the Economites, and if this title is not good all the cities are defective. Millions of dollars are at stake and hundreds of property owners who bought from the Economites are on the anxious seat.

W. Elliot Woodward, a well-known antiquarian, died in Roxbury, Mass., last week. He was a native of Oxford county, Me. In 1848 he went to Boston and engaged in the drug business in Roxbury. He was the best known coin dealer in the country, and his series of coin catalogues is to be found in every large public library. Mr. Woodward was a member of the common council in 1873 and 1874, and served in other offices of trust. He was at one time a large owner in real estate operator, and once owned the famous Governor Shirley house in Roxbury.

A missionary who has arrived on the coast from the interior of Africa, says that one of the European explorers who was in the disastrous battle between the Zarenga expedition and the Wahehe natives, is now a prisoner in the hands of the Wahehe. Scattered through Africa are white men who are in bondage or have voluntarily taken up their residence there. Dr. Nachtigal's servant is an example. He deserted his master in the Soudan, and, at last accounts, he was living near Lake Tchad, the only white man in that part of Africa.

The little mining town of Kreda, in Indian Territory, was, on Thursday evening, the scene of one of the most appalling mining disasters on record, and there is mourning in every household. The explosion occurred just as the miners were preparing to ascend to the surface. There were 325 men working in the mine Thursday, according to the pay-roll and tally reports of every man who goes down the shaft. Of these, 51 dead bodies were recovered, 137 men escaping by way of shaft No. 1, which is used as a ventilating shaft, and 108 were rescued from the main shaft in a critical condition. This leaves 30 still unaccounted for. The list of those who escaped by shaft No. 7, and those who escaped from the north side is known to be complete, and it is believed 20 escaped who have not been listed. This leaves about 19 bodies still in the mine. The work of recovering the bodies is very slow, and impeded by the debris in the shafts and galleries. It is believed all who escaped death have been rescued. Sunday was a day of mourning in the little town. Thirty-seven bodies of miners being interred.

The village of Fayetteville, Ga., was visited by a cyclone the other night which has left death and destruction behind it. It first struck at J. W. Graham's, killing one of his little children, Sallie Kate Graham, and completely demolishing the dwelling, outhouses and gin. Next it blew down the school building and a part of Mrs. Brown's dwelling, and the dwelling of Mrs. Henderson, blowing her son-in-law, Will Travis, 400 yards from the house. He was found dead, and his wife, with a one-day-old baby, was seriously injured. The baby wasn't hurt. T. F. Garrison's dwelling was next struck and torn to atoms, hurting him and every member of his family, though not seriously. Mr. Knox and his wife, who were boarding at his house, are now in a critical condition from injuries caused by falling timbers. The large frame warehouse, full of cotton, was blown to pieces and scattered everywhere. A scantling was blown through the house of T. J. Mitchell, and his family narrowly escaped being killed. The track of the cyclone was covered with timbers from houses. Four negroes were killed outright, and others injured.

The United States revenue steamer Galiatin was wrecked off Manchester, Mass., at 11.15 Wednesday morning. The Galiatin started from Kittery, Me., in the morning, bound into Provincetown, with two officers short. At 8.30 she passed the Cohasset in course south. The weather became thick and soon it began to snow. The course of the vessel was then changed, intending to make Gloucester harbor. At 10 45 they took in all sail and put an extra man on the lookout. At 11, they made land which looked like Rock Island ahead. They sounded, and 12 fathoms of water being shown the engine was stopped and backed. Here the mistake was made. The pilot took the land to be Kettle Bottom Island, but instead it was great Egg Rock. With this idea, the boat started ahead, due east, heading for the eastern point. At 11 15 the vessel struck on a sunken ledge. The engine was backed but the vessel was fast. She began pounding heavily, and the captain called to the men to man the boats. The boat was swiftly lowered, and filled rapidly, as the heavy sea had carried away the stay lights. The smoke stack going by the starboard, struck and instantly killed J. Jacobson, a carpenter, and carried his body overboard. The vessel was breaking fast, and all hands took to three boats. They sighted land on the port side. They pulled in and reached Rocky Cove at Eagle Head, wet and demoralized. The officers and crew lost everything. The vessel was a total loss.

A laughable incident occurred at a church in Dexter on a recent Sunday evening. The pastor had taken his subject from the advice of the Lord to the fishermen to cast their lines on the other side of the vessel. Each testimony had referred to this Biblical illustration till a brother, prominent in the church, and who, it will be remembered, was lately fined for his innocently illegal fishing, rose, amid the audible smiles of the whole congregation, his face bearing a crimson hue, and gave his testimony, entirely ignoring the subject, but the church excused him as being an interested party whose evidence might be inadmissable, or who might be biased.

Mr. Benjamin McKenny, who lately died in Greene, was something of a hermit. Although he lived only about a mile and a half from Sabattis, and was usually in good health, neither aged or infirm, it is said he had not visited that village for about twenty-five years. He lived about half a mile back from the Travelled road, his house hidden from view by a high ridge of land and it is reported that he had not been to this main road for twenty years.

A lady went into one of the stores in Caribou, recently, and inquired for "invisible" butter dishes. The puzzled dealer is still trying to guess just what the customer meant. If the lady desired "invisible" butter, she ought to have gone to a cheap boarding house.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Maine Agricultural News.

—The total number of cases of sweet corn packed in Maine in 1891 was 614,894 or 14, 757,556 cans.

—The West Penobscot Agricultural Society has chosen the following officers: John Rogers, Stetson, President; J. Willis Crosby, Esq., Dexter, Jonathan Vickery, Exeter, Joel Richardson, Newport, Vice Presidents; T. P. Batcheldor, Kenduskeag, Secretary and Treasurer; F. W. Hill, J. T. Brown, F. C. Barker, Exeter, H. G. Parshley, Dexter, J. T. Fogg, Garland, Trustees. The society during the past season has constructed a new stable, built new stalls, a judges' stand and a handsome new grand stand. The Treasurer' report shows a balance of nearly $1200 in his hands.

—B. M. Hight of Skowhegan states that he has already pledged nearly the 225 acres asked for from the farmers to be planted in sweet corn for the Skowhegan factory for next season, which with a favorable season insures a good pack at those shops next fall. Mr. Hight who is buying apples for Cummings & Winchester, Portland, has purchased about 600 barrels the past week, which are now being packed ready for shipping. Mr. Hight reports apples as rotting badly, owing to warm weather at the time they were gathered, and notwithstanding he is only paying $1.25 for best and 75 cents for seconds, finds more than he can handle.

—H. A. Gagnon, proprietor of the Holmes' starch factory Van Buren, has proposed to re-open his factory in early spring, providing he can obtain a sufficient quantity of potatoes.

—George W. P. Jerrard of Caribou, seedsman, shipped recently by express, one bushel of Harbinger seed potatoes to a customer in Papakura, Auckland, New Zealand.

—The annual meeting of the Dixfield Centre Cheese Co. was held the 4th inst. Marion Holman was chosen Director, Treasurer and Secretary for the ensuing year. The amount of cheese made was not so large as usual, owing to the fact that another cheese factory has been in operation the past year within about two miles of this one. Amount of milk required for a pound of cheese, ten lbs., cost of making, one and one-half cents per lb.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Jan. 13, 1892.

Names of Drovers.	Hogs.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN—None.				
AT BRIGHTON.				
W. W. Hall,	19		8	
Hanson & Demeritt,	20		20	
H. L. Libby,	6		17	
I. C. Libby,	6	700	6	

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK YARDS.

Cattle, 2,909; sheep, 10,132; hogs, 33,677; veals, 634; horses, 306.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle. 53; sheep, 700; veals, 61; horses, 46.

CATTLE EXPORTED TO OLD ENGLAND.

Cattle shipped from Boston for the past week was 3556 head, and accordingly we can state that the market has improved another ½c, or a cent advance in two weeks. Exporters are more hopeful of the situation.

POSITION OF THE TRADE.

Cattle hold a weaker position than last week. Even the best cattle show weakness, and more manifest on common grades. Sales at 3¾@4c dressed weight; fancy at 7@7¼c.

Sheep and lambs rule higher by ¼c per lb., and in good demand. Not a large supply of Northern or Eastern. Prices on old sheep at 3@6c per lb., as to quality; lambs at 5@7c.

Fat Hogs—The market on Western live at 4½@4¾c., being ¼c. in advance of last week. This advance may be followed by another, but it is impossible to predict. Country lots, dressed weight, at 5@5½c.

Veal Calves—In good demand, as sales attest. Butchers want their regular amount. Prices at 2½@6c. per lb.

Milch Cows—Not a brisk trade; we called it quiet. If we had the cows to sell, we could not say otherwise. Sales at $25@$55.

Horse market is in a fair way to improve, where good trotters, family and road horses are concerned. A special sale at Edgar Snow & Co., disposed of some nice qualities at $150@$525 per head.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

Dennison & Rogers sold 6 nice oxen estimated dressed weight, 1200 lbs., at 7c. I. C. Libby & Son sold 300 sheep, average 125 lbs., at 6c; 250 sheep, average 120 lbs., at 5c; 200 sheep, average 80 lbs., at 4c; 100 lambs, average 60 lbs., at 6c; 200 lambs, average 85 lbs., at 6¼c; 7 calves average average 135 lbs., at 6c; 4 cattle average live weight, 1500 lbs., at 4c. H. J. Libby sold 17 calves, average 135 lbs., at 6c.

REMARKS.

Maine has done well in supply of live stock during the year, particularly in sheep. there being more than 10,000 head in excess of the previous year, and the State has done well toward swelling the grand total in veal calves, and probably not less than 4000 head of horses have arrived in Boston during the year. Maine dealers have not been backward in forwarding supplies where there was a fair chance for making a dollar. But as sharp as Maine drovers are, and let them buy as close as possible in the country, there are weeks when they do not find it profitable to send stock to market. We will look for better times in 1892. As a starter, Western hogs have advanced ¼c. per lb. live weight, which means fully ¼c. advance on country lots dressed weight. This advance is likely to be followed by another rise.

THE TRADE ON WEDNESDAY AT BRIGHTON.

We found the usual variety on sale, from the very slim sort to those well up as to quality; but buyers were not at all numerous, for the most part who looked over them stood aloof from the market. J. S. Henry had some 30 odd cattle on sale in the shape of milch cows, selling 3 nice cows at $50 each; 3 extra milch cows at $60 each; 2 do. at $40 each, and 7 common cows from $25@$38 per head. I. C. Libby & Son sold 5 milch cows. The man who bought had his choice out of a lot of 20 head, at $39 a head. W. Scollans sold 2 milch cows at $45 each; 2 at $35 each; 2 springers at $32 50 each. W. Melloy sold 1 fancy Jersey milch cow at $55.

Working oxen—We found on the market two pairs, that were in the hands of W. Scollans. John Newell of Boston, a man of national reputation, who secured from Congress the charter for the Northern Pacific Railroad, says: "Dr. A. H. Flower treated me for inflammation of kidneys and hemorrhoids, from which I was suffering, and he saved my life. As a man and a physician I hold him in highest esteem."

Those wishing medical aid will be glad to know of this specialist being at the following-named place and date: Eastern Exchange, Bangor, Tuesday, January 19; Augusta House, Augusta, Wednesday, Jan. 20; De Witt House, Lewiston, Thursday, Jan. 21; Falmouth Hotel, Portland, Friday, Jan. 22.

CROWING COCKS AND CACKLING HENS. Last week the Androscoggin Poultry Association held their annual exhibition at Auburn, and if the number were not quite as great as last year, the quality was fully maintained. Doubtless the great amount of sickness prevailing contributed to the decrease in exhibitors and exhibits. Not that the show was small, for there were over four hundred birds in Auburn Hall. The interested ones have assumed heavy responsibilities and labored diligently to maintain this society and keep up the winter exhibitions, but somehow the interest is on the wane. The good feature of the show was the evident attention being paid to well known standard varieties, tried and found worthy, the falling off in those kept more particularly for fancy. The awards of the judges, Messrs. May of Natick and Ball of Shrewsbury, tell the story of honors as well as merit in the total footings of the scores. It is to be regretted that the attendance was not sufficient to pay all expenses, though the deficiency is but small, and promptly made up by the members, so that there is no debt outstanding. The following is a complete list of premiums awarded at the exhibition:

Barred Plymouth Rocks—I V McKenney, Auburn, 1st and 3d on pen, 1st on cock, 1st on cockerel, 1st on pullet, 2nd 3d and 5th on pullet, 3d on cockerel.

Charles L Pulsifer, East Poland, 4th on pair, 4th on pen, 4th on cock, 2nd on pullet.

E F Atwood, West Minot, 3d on cock, 4th on hen.

John P Putnam, Lewiston, 2d on hen.

D A Eveleth, Auburn, 2d on pen, 2d and 4th on cock, 2d and 4th on cockerel, 1st and 3d on hen, 4th on pullet, silver cup of best five pairs.

White P. Rocks—Frost Bros., Monmouth, 1st on pen, 1st on cock, 1st on hen, 1st, 2d and 3d on pullet.

Silver Laced Wyandottes—George H Jacobs, Stroudwater, 3d and 4th on hen.

H L Libby, Auburn, silver cup; 1st and 3d on pen; 1st on cock; 1st, 3d and 5d on cockerel; 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th on pullet; 2d on hen.

B A Carpenter, East Poland, 4th on cock.

Silas Bartlett, Lewiston, 2d and 4th on pen; 2d and 3d on cock; 4th on cockerel; 1st on hen.

Golden Laced Wyandottes—Charles L Pulsifer, East Poland, 1st on pen; 2d on cock; 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th on cockerel; 1st on hen; 1st, 3d, 3d and 4th on pullet.

White Wyandottes—Silas Bartlett, Lewiston, 1st on cockerel; 1st on pullet.

Light Brahma—C S Newell, Lisbon Falls, silver cup; 1st, 2d and 5d on pen; 1st, 2d and 4th on cock; 1st on hen; 1st on 2d and 3d on hen; 2d on cockerel; 1st and 2d on pullet.

H G Day, Auburn, 1st on pen; 1st on cockerel; 2d on hen; 4th on pullet.

H A Shurtleff, South Paris, tie on 2d and 4th on hen.

H Stevens, Stroudwater, 4th on pen; 3d and 4th on cockerel.

Dark Brahma—I N Haskell, Auburn, 1st on pen of four; 1st on pen of chicks; 1st on chicks; 1st on cockerel; 1st on pullet.

Partridge Cochin—W K Field, Auburn, 3d on pen.

Frank Hartwell, Auburn, 1st on pen; 1st, 2d and 3d on cockerel; 2d on cock; 1st, 2d and 3d on pullet; 1st on hen.

Buff Cochins—Frank Hartwell, Auburn, 1st on pullet.

G C Brown Leghorn—Charles L Pulsifer, East Poland, 1st on pen; 2d on cock; 1st and 2d on hen; 1st and 3d on cockerel; 4th, tie; 1st, 3d and 5d, tie on pullet; 4th, tie on pullet.

F M Cummings, Lewiston, 3d on pen; 4th on cockerel tie, 1st, 2d and 3d on pullet tie, 4th on pullet tie.

H Thomas, Brunswick, 4th on pen, 2d on cock; 3d on hen; 2d on cockerel.

S B Lancaster, East Livermore, 3d on hen; 1st on cock; 1st, 2d and 3d on pullet pen.

S C Black Leghorn—I F Wakefield, Auburn, 1st on pen; 1st on cockerel; 1st, 2d and 3d on pullet.

R. C. Brown Leghorn—L. L Cook, Turnerville, entirely ingoring the subject, but the church excused him as being an interested party whose evidence might be inadmissable, or who might be biased.

Houdans—Mrs H Weeks, Auburn, 1st on pen; 1st on cock; 1st on cockerel; 1st on pullet.

S S. Hamburghs—Booth Bros., Auburn, 1st on pen; 1st, 2d and 3d on cockerel; 1st, 2d and 3d on pullet.

Buff Pekin Bantams—S A Preble, Portsmouth, N. H., 1st on pen; 1st, 2d and 4th on cockerel; 1st, 3d, 3d and 4th on pullet.

W J Cranshaw, Lewiston, 1st on cock; 1st on hen; 1st on cockerel; 1st on pullet.

B. B. Red Game Bantams—John F Putnam, Lewiston, 1st on cock; 1st and 2d on pullet.

B. B. Red Game—Charles W York, Auburn, 2d on cock; 2d on hen.

Red Pyle Games—Allie Brown, Auburn, 1st on cockerel; 1st on pullet.

Pit Games—A L Davis, Portland, 1st on six varieties.

Bronze Turkeys—A E Shurtleff, South Paris, 1st on pen.

H B Bartlett, Lewiston, 3d on Bronze; 1st on White Holland; 1st on Guineas; 1st on trio of pea-chicks.

Pigeons—William Dickey, Lewiston, 1st.

Horned Poultry—Silas Bartlett, Lewiston, 1st on chicks; 3d on fowls.

I V McKenney, 1st on fowls; 2d on chicks.

Edward Poultry—I V McKenney, 1st on Plymouth Rocks; Mrs H Weeks, 1st on Houdans.

Weak stomach strengthened by Beecham's Pills.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER.]

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 13.

APPLES—Greenings, Baldwins, and good winter fruit, $1 50 per bbl.

BEANS—Pea beans $1 25; Yellow Eyes $2 00.

BUTTER—Ball Butter 23@25c. Creamery, 28@30c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 11@12c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 25@26c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 25; Patent 6 50.

GRAIN—Corn 75c; oats 50c; barley 65c: Rye $1 25.

HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 3c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4½c; bulls and stags, 2½c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 7½c; in tins, 8@8¼c.

MEAL—Corn 68c; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 20@1 25 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear kalt pork 8@9c; tsaef per side 5@7c; ham 10@11c; fowls, 10@12; spring chicks, 14@15c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 7@8c; veals 7@8c; turkeys, 18@20c; round hog 6c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 40@50 cents per bushel; cabbages, $1.00 per hundred; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 35@40c per bu. Squash $1.00 per hundred.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 13.

APPLES—No. 1 Baldwins, $1 75@2 00; eating, $2 25@2 50 per barrel; cooking, $1 00@1 50; evaporated, 8@12c per lb.

BUTTER—20@21 for choice family; creamery, 28@30c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 00@2 15; Yellow Eyes, $1 75@2 00.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 12@13c; N. Y. Factory, 12@13c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 75@5 00; Spring X and XX, $5 00@5 25; Roller Michigan, $5 75@5 87; St. Louis Winter Patents, $6 75@6 25.

FISH—Cod Shore, $6 25@6 50; Scaled herring per box, 14@18c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $24 00@26 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 61@63; oats, 44@45; cotton seed, car lots, $28 00@28 50; cotton seed, bag lots, $29 00@30 00; sacked bran, car lots, $22 00@23 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $29 00@30 00; middlings, car lots, $23 00@28 00; middlings, bag lots, $24 00@29 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@7¼c per lb; per tub, 6¾@7¼c; pail, 6¾@8c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, 12@13c; chickens, 14@17c; turkeys, 17@19c; eggs, 27@28c; potatoes per bush., 50@55c; extra beef, $5 50@9 00; pork, backs, $15 00@15 50; clear, $14 75@15 00; hams, 10@10½c; covered, 11@11½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 13.

APPLES—Dried, 5@6c per lb. Choice sliced 8@10c.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 00 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 50@2 75.

BUTTER—Best, 23@25c per lb.; fair to good, 20@22c.

EGGS—27@28c per doz.

CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 10½@11c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 11@12c.

GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 50c per bushel.

CORN—73c; meal, 68c.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 35@40c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 5½c. Chickens, 15@17c; Fowl per lb., 13@14c; Turkeys, 23c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Jan. 12.

CATTLE—Receipts, 8,000; shipments, 3,000; active and steady; choice to prime steers at $4 85@$5 25; others at $2 85@$4 60; stockers, $2 00@$3 40; cows, $1 70@$2 50.

HOGS—Receipts 47,000; shipments, 12,-000; opened active and closed weak to shade lower; rough and common at $4 00@$4 05; prime mixed, $4 10; prime, heavy and butchers' weights, $4 10@$4 25; light, $4 00@$4 10.

SHEEP—Receipts 8,00c; shipments, 3,000; steady to higher; natives, $3 80@$4 10; mixed, $4 50@$4 75; Western, $4 75@$5 45. Lambs, $4 25@$6 25.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.

United States Bonds, New 4s, (reg.),		116½
" "	(coup.)	116½
" 2s	(reg.)	100
Central Pacific 1sts.		105½

Items and Incidents.

Mr. C. C. Campbell, who died in Virginia the other day, is conspicuous chiefly because of the fact that he owned the hero of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier by its many remarkable cures.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents per box.

Three thousand young men in Atlanta have become habitual drinkers since the saloons were opened, and 1000 of this number have become habitual drunkards.

Provide yourself with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and so have the means at hand for contending successfully with a sudden cold. As an emergency medicine, it has no equal, and leading physicians everywhere recommend it.

There are 4,500 female school teachers in this State, to 3000 of the male persuasion.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. Sick headache, or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

In the hatchery at Swan Lake there are now 500,000 brook trout eggs, which are to be hatched out the coming spring.

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on beads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

In Iceland, with sixty-six thousand population, a murder which has just occurred is the first for fifty-six years, and the whole island is in an intense state of excitement.

Have you these dangerous symptoms,—cough, pain in the side or breast, fever, short breath, night-sweats tickling, rising or soreness in the throat, diarrhœa, nervous debility, asthmatic or bronchial affections? If so, use at once Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

Only one couple in 11,500 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

There will be fifty-three Sundays in 1892.

When you want the best medicine ever made, use DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. It will cure you.

Canary birds have been known to live twenty-one years.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A farmer in Missouri has a half-gallon jar of peach preserves that have kept in perfect condition for more than thirty years. They were recently tested and found to have retained their flavor as well as their looks.

SUPERIOR COURT. At this Court, in this city, in the case of Joseph Williams vs. Sarah A. Douglass, action to recover for certain household goods and wearing apparel of the alleged value of $61.75. Verdict for the plaintiff for $43 40. William Stinchfield, for violation of the liquor law, was sentenced in four cases to pays fines aggregating $550, or 16 months in jail. Committed. H. Q. Blake, liquor nuisance, $125. John Dunphy, liquor nuisance, $200. Chas. Ward, liquor nuisance and common seller, $265.30. E. A. Getchell, liquor nuisance common seller, drinking house and tipling shop, $311.39, or seven months in jail. Ivory Hayes, liquor nuisance and common seller. Indictments found at this term, $313.-19. W. A. Dyer, convicted of being a common seller of intoxicating liquor, was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, and in default 60 days in jail.

Joseph W. Patterson, appellant, vs. Leigh & Wingate, for coal, to recover $12 67. Verdict for plff. for $13 17. J. H. Pierce & Co. vs. Roderick & Simpson. Action for $27 68, for a bill of groceries. Verdict for the defendants. Leon Hebert vs. Orrisimus Baldus. Action to recover a bill of $108 59 for groceries furnished to the defendant's brother. Verdict for the defendant. The motion to set aside the verdict convicting George C. Stewart of Gardiner of the larceny of $18, was taken up, argued, and the Judge decided to set aside the verdict, and grant the defendant a new trial.

The jury were discharged Saturday, and the court has about wound up its business.

For Constipation

Use Hereford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. R. Fortson, Kiowa, Ind. Ter., says: "I have tried it for constipation, with success, and think it worthy a thorough trial by the profession."

MAGEE'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.

IN COMBINATION WITH

EXTRACT OF MALT AND COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES LIME AND SODA

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, and GENERAL DEBILITY.

No other remedy has cured so many cases of

CONSUMPTION AND OTHER PULMONARY DISEASES.

It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomachs without nausea. Thousands of Physicians use it and say

Poetry.

A Plea.

For the Maine Farmer.

Lift up thy veil, oh, Eternity,
And bring before our sight,
Not the dark River of Sorrow,
But the beautiful Valley of Light.

Oh, show us the beautiful shore
That edges the Valley of Light,
Where the angels, with songs, evermore
Stand arrayed in their garments of white.

Let their voices float out from the shore;
Let us catch but a sound, and a sight
Of the beautiful, joy-mated shore,
And our God in His beauty and might.

Oh, let us but look on our Savior,
Who holds out His hands not in vain,
And gathers us home to his bosom,
To free us from sorrow and pain.

Oh, let us but look on the gladness
That is there on the beautiful shore,
And 'twill take from our hearts all the sadness,
And brighten our lives evermore.

Our Story Teller.

Mr. Walton Withers' Funeral.

It was midnight on the 21st of November, 1882. Mr. Walton Withers was celebrating his 56th birthday. He was sitting before an open grate fire in his room, on the top floor of Mrs. Siskind Swann's boarding house at Sparkill (where he had been for two years,) alternately musing and reading the newspapers and smoking cigarettes. Under the table was a demijohn, and on the table a tumbler, containing something out of the demijohn.

All at once, Mr. Withers heard a loud, heavy rap, at the door, a portentous rap, a startling rap.

He was astonished. Was it morning already? Could it be Andrew calling him to breakfast? He looked at his watch. Midnight! Who in the house would rap at his door at midnight? He called out, "Come in!" and the door opened and there entered the most terrific looking being imaginable.

"Who the devil are you?" cried out Mr. Withers, rising with a shudder and retreating a step or two.

"I? Don't you know me?" cried the visitor, in a low sepulchral tone. ("Can you not guess?" he cried in insinuating tones, his gaze piercing the trembling wretch thro' and thro'.

"Don't remember ever having the honor of seeing you before this moment," replied Mr. Withers, bowing with all the courtesy he could command in his terror.

"Ho! ho!" Pretty good! Guess you never did!" replied the frightful being, uttering the most discordant, unearthly laugh. "I come but once to any man."

"But once, eh? Sorry to hear that," sneered Mr. Withers.

"Banish all regrets on that score friend," returned the vistor with a horrid smile. "I take you along when I take my leave."

"Ah indeed!" cried Mr. Withers, trying to remember where he put his pistol. "Are you the sheriff? No? Police officer? Going to arrest me? Hope you'll show your warrant."

"Be not concerned; you shall see my warrant ere I take you in custody. But we shall not set forth at present. Meantime I have business with you," and he helped himself, unasked, to a chair, and placed it before the grate to warm. "Have the goodness to oblige me with a cigarette and something to drink; and then let us proceed forthwith to business." Mr. Withers presented his cigarette case and demijohn with the greatest politeness. The stranger filled the tumbler and drained it to the last drop; then he lighted a cigarette and raised it to his lids.

"Now, friend," he began, fixing his eye upon the cowering wretch before him, "be calm, be collected, and, above all things, be truthful. You can conceal nothing from me. I know everything ere you speak. To business! Time flies! Answer these questions: Why were you born? How have you fulfilled the object of your creation? how have you passed your life? You are 56 years old to-day. How have you spent these 56 years of your existence?"

"Pretty comprehensive questions!" cried Mr. Withers, in a cold perspiration, yet striving to conceal his cowardice under a bullying demeanor. "Branch of the inquisition, eh? Why the deuce do you ask, if you know everything already?"

"It is your fate to join issue thro' this ordeal. To business! to business!"

"Fate be cursed!" cried Mr. Withers, taking a chair near the window and so far from the fire and his terrible guest that he was chilled to the marrow directly. "I don't like turning my thoughts backward. It is an infernally disagreeable thing for a man of 56 to look back over his whole life unless a more satisfactory one than mine. As to why I was born—I'm sure I never thought in the morning of my life that I was born to be the President of the United States and a millionaire; and here I am 56, and haven't been a congressman; no, not even so much as an alderman; and as to a million, I have scarcely more than the tenth of a million and am vegetating here in the country to make my little income go as far as possible."

"But how have you discharged the common duties of all mankind?"

"I consider myself an A1 chap, sir. I'm as good as they make 'em."

"Have you a wife and family?"

"No! and don't want any. What use have I for a family? I haven't any more than what I want for myself. When W. Withers goes to bed he wants both the pillows, the whole bolster and all of the clothes."

"Were you never in love?"

"Scores of times! But my head was always level. No woman ever turned Mr. Withers' brain so but that he knew which side of his bread was buttered. I never loved any woman enough to go share with her in everything I possessed—never had enough—wanted, what I had for W. Withers, Esq.,"

"How about friends and relations? Got any brothers and sisters, and do you hold fraternal relations with them?"

"Got brothers and sisters in any quantity, but they are no use to me, none of them, and never were. I gave them all the grand bounce years ago and wouldn't have a cent to pay my funeral expenses to-day if I hadn't. It was the same with all the whole continual time. So I cut loose from the whole crew, confound them!"

"Got any friends?"

"Friends? No! got no use for friends. They only help me to smoke out my cigarettes and drink up my whiskey."

"No friends, no relations, no wife, no children! Who is going to your funeral when you die? What will you do for mourners around your bier?"

"Hire a few."

"For tears over your grave?"

"A matter of the profoundest inconsequence to me."

"For a hand to cool your fevered brow on your dying bed?"

"Hire a nurse."

"For disinterested, watchful, unselfish care that no money can buy in sickness and death?"

"I will look to W. Withers for all that!"

"Have you the respect and esteem of your landlady, and do you seek to oblige her when in your power?"

"The respect and esteem of Mrs. Siskind Swann? No? She's got her husband to support, and no time to respect and esteem her boarders. I pay my board and never do anything to oblige me. I never want her to do anything to oblige me."

"Is there anybody in the world for whom you entertain any affectionate regard and whose welfare is a matter of concern to you?"

"Not a soul! I live for W. Withers and W. Withers lives for me. I wouldn't care a red cent if every man, woman and child I ever knew was annihilated before sunrise this morning."

"Do you care for the admiration of the ladies?"

"Bah! no! that's played out."

"Do you believe in love and virtue?"

"I believe there are such words in the dictionary, that's all I believe."

"What amusement have you?"

"The only enjoyment I find in life nowadays is what I get out of my pillow, and out of Stralton & Storms' cigarettes and this demijohn, and in screwing the rent out of my tenants down in the city, where I own some imminent houses."

"Don't you like to read?"

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"Of course I cling to life! What else is there to care for? I'm good for twenty-five years yet. When I'm dead that's the end of W. Withers. That's my religion."

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"Going to leave it to some hospital or asylum?"

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"Don't you dare! Think how the mean old wretch acted about that abscess! Go up to my room and get the bromide of potassium and give him a dose, and stay with him till I come up."

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"You are not interested in novels because you neither admire virtue nor despise vice. You are not, therefore, interested in any calamity that might befall a hero or heroine, nor anxious for any retribution that may overtake the villain. You are not interested in philosophy, for you are not interested in mankind. You are not interested in the demonstration of truth, because you take no interest in the triumph of right over wrong. Do you still cling to life, tho' you care for nobody and nobody cares for you?"

"Of course I cling to life! What else is there to care for? I'm good for twenty-five years yet. When I'm dead that's the end of W. Withers. That's my religion."

"Have you made your will?"

"No, I haven't yet. I must do it, tho', right away, or else all I've got will go to that infernal pack of beggars up in Massachusetts. Curse the whole lot! They shan't have a cent of my money."

"Going to leave it to some hospital or asylum?"

"Not a copper! The fact is, if I only know how long I was going to live, I'd spend it all and not leave a cent behind. I shall get no thanks for it. I think the best thing I can do is to make some kind of an ambiguous will that all my relations will go to fighting over and keep it up till it's all lawed out."

"Then the lawyers will get it."

"Sorry, but I can't help it! They'll have to work for it, tho', and have a great deal of bother. But think of the long-drawn out agony of my relations over a ten or twenty year lawsuit! An interminable will case! Think of the hope deferred! Think of the final disappointment and utter beggary of those people up in Massachusetts! Ha! ha! it's a glorious idea! I'll go down to the city in the morning and see my attorney about it!"

Mr. Withers, chuckling gleefully, lighted another cigarette; but scarcely had he taken the second puff before he felt a strange dizziness come over him. He seized the tumbler on the table, but it fell from his grasp.

"I'm dizzy," he murmured faintly, and staggered towards the bed.

When Andrew knocked at the door at 8 o'clock in the morning there was no answer. He looked in. Mr. Withers, still dressed and in his smoking cap, lay across the bed muttering incoherently. The fire was out, the lamp still burned on the table; cigarettes were scattered over the floor, a tumbler lay broken on the hearth.

The boy hurried to the kitchen and gave the alarm. Mrs. Swann, just at that moment, had her hands full. Their cook was inexperienced and unreliable, and she had six other boarders to provide for, and two of them took the 9.15 train to the city and breakfast was behind time. So, turning to her husband, who was reading the morning paper for one of the way as possible in corner, she cried out:

"Sis, you go up and see what ails him. The old fool! I s'pose he's drunk! See if I don't fill that demijohn with water."

Siskind's report was alarming. "He isn't drunk. He's in a high fever. His pulse is awful. I couldn't count it—hundred and sixty at least. Shan't I go for the doctor?"

"Don't you dare! Think how the mean old wretch acted about that abscess! Go up to my room and get the bromide of potassium and give him a dose, and stay with him till I come up."

Siskind obeyed. But Mr. Withers' malady was beyond the virtues of bromide of potassium. The abcess to which Mrs. Swann alluded, which was under his arm, he had stubbornly refused to have lanced, declaring his belief that it would "go away" itself; and when it finally did go away without the aid of the lancet, and without a bill to pay, Mr. Withers felt the same gratification as when a car conductor passed taking up his fare on the horse cars. He was now suffering the natural consequences—pyemia!

As soon as breakfast was on the table, Mrs. Swann came to Siskind's relief. She found the patient delirious. She doctored him all day with bromide of potassium, under the belief that he was suffering from mania a potu; but his delirium increasing alarmingly towards night, she finally took the responsibility of sending down to the village for Dr. Miskey.

The doctor came and pronounced the patient's malady "spinal meningitis."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Swann, "with all I've got to do to have a sick man on my hands! He's so stingy, he'd be raving mad if I'd hire a nurse."

"He may never recover," replied the doctor.

"Well, he's got money!" cried Mrs. Swann; "and I'm not going to take care of him;" and she sent for a professional nurse.

In a few days the doctor announced that the patient might die any day; and Mrs. Swann telegraphed for his relatives. The next evening Mr. Walton Withers, Jr., nephew of the sick man, arrived. This young man had been named for the rich uncle in the fond hope of some substantial recognition of the compliment; but he had now attained his twenty-third year without having in the least profited thereby until thus selected as the family representative to his uncle's death-bed—a dubious honor and advantage, considering that he was left to pay his own traveling expenses, and there was no knowing what the will was.

Mr. Withers, Jr., domiciled himself in a small room adjoining his uncle's, and waited patiently for the old man to die, placidly ignoring the hints of the other boarders that the sick man ought to have a physician from the city; while Mr. Withers, Sr., tossed, moaned, muttered, cursed and raved on his bed of anguish next door. Dr. Miskey came twice a day and went home, and faithfully jotted down his visits in his day book—and he made no fatal mistakes in doing that and in prescribing for his patient. The hired nurse conscientiously endeavored to earn her wages; but the patient was vexatious, her work laborious and beyond her skill, and she was often worn out and sleepy. Conscience, therefore, fell very, very far short of the performances of anxious love and tender affection; and with all his money, the old man on his dying bed suffered keenly from neglect and the grossest ignorance, and was often scolded, screamed at, pulled and jerked about, and underwent a world of bodily anguish that medical skill and the careful hand of love might have alleviated.

But if the doctor was ignorant and the nurse incompetent, impatient, unfeeling, and negligent, it was nobody's business. The boarders idly whispered among themselves and looked uneasily at the shabby, genteel young man from Massachusetts. But what more could be expected of him? He had come to bury his uncle and was politely waiting for the corpse. Why should he distrust Mr. Miskey? The doctor enjoyed Mrs. Swann's confidence—Siskind was a druggist and the doctor was one of his patrons. What reason was there for believing that any other physician would do better than Mr. Miskey? It would be unjust to say that the young man feared the restoration of his uncle to health. His hopes of soon inheriting a share of the property blinded him to any such possibility; and he was a Wilder by name and nature, and thought it would be wicked to dispute his uncle's estate by summoning a council of physicians only to say the patient must die. So he contented himself with grumbling out the old man's groans and keeping out of the way of the nurse, who was too much disposed to take him at his word when he told her to command him for anything he could do.

In three weeks it was all ended. The old man who cared for nobody, for whom nobody cared, died alone in the night, like a pauper, while the nurse was asleep, and was spared the disgrace of a funeral and "nothing to it" only by the pity of the villagers, who presented themselves in creditable numbers as a matter of duty. The village minister read a prayer in a perfunctory tone; a hymn was sung, and the people gathered decently around the coffin and gazed at the mortal remains of Mr. Walton Withers—and a very crabbed looking corpse he made, for a man can't look like a gentleman in his coffin if he spends his life in sullen discontent and selfish misanthropy. Not a tear was dropped, not a heart was saddened; the cold gaze of strangers rested unmoved on the face of the dead, inspecting the features, the wrinkles, the gray hair and the shroud.

In ten minutes the funeral was over and the coffin placed in the hearse. One carriage followed it to the cemetery, where it was deposited in the vault; and that was the end of Mr. Walton Withers. Nobody even wore mourning for him, so eager were his relatives to enter at once into the full enjoyment of his money.

"EVANGELIST BRICK."

Away up there in the mountains, at H——, our sources of spiritual enlightenment were very limited indeed. In the first place, we were so far away from civilization that it was more probable that not once missionary in two dozen knew of our existence. Second, as there were no ladies in H—— hence no sewing circles, ministers and the craved society of a more refined sort than that of Sain Hiles' poker room were inclined to fight any of us.

Once or twice, to be sure, we had had, for a brief period in each instance, a minister to call to ourselves. The first one was a brand new, very zealous, very whiskered, scholarly, studious and shy young man, with a Bostonese method of handling the king's English. But this one was not happy. He might have been a happy shot of Stralton & Storms' cigarettes and this demijohn, and on the screwing the rent out of my tenants down in the city, where I own some imminent houses."

"Don't you like to read?"

"I read the papers a little to kill time; but it's an infernal bore. What do I care for what happened to other people? I never see anything in the papers that makes or mars the fortune of Mr. Withers, and I care for nothing else. I used to like to read novels and philosophical works, but I can't get interested in anything like that nowadays. I can't tell why. I can't get beyond the first page."

"Shall I tell you why?"

"Happy to hear."

"You are not interested in novels because you neither admire virtue nor despise vice. You are not, therefore, interested in any calamity that might befall a hero or heroine, nor anxious for any retribution that may overtake the villain. You are not interested in philosophy, for you are not interested in mankind. You are not interested in the demonstration of truth, because you take no interest in the triumph of right over wrong. Do you still cling to life, tho' you care for nobody and nobody cares for you?"

"Of course I cling to life! What else is there to care for? I'm good for twenty-five years yet. When I'm dead that's the end of W. Withers. That's my religion."

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"Then the lawyers will get it."

Choice Miscellany.

Growing Old.

They call it "going down the hill" when we are growing old,
And speak with mournful accents when our tale is nearly told;
They sigh when talking of the past, the days that As if the future were not bright with immortality.

But it is not going down; 'tis climbing higher and higher,
Until we almost see the mountain that our souls desire;
For if the natural eye grow dim, it is but dim to earth;
While the eye of faith grows keener to discern the Saviour's worth.

Who would exchange for shooting blade the way ing golden grain;
Or when the corn is fully ripe, would wish it green again?
And who would wish the heavy head, found in the way of truth,
To be again encircled with the sunny locks of youth?

For though, in truth, the outward man must perish and decay,
The inward man shall be renewed by grace from day to day;
Those who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in their root,
Shall in their old age flourish, and bring forth their choicest fruit.

It is not years that make men old: the spirit may be young,
Though fully threescore years and ten the wheels of life have run.
God has himself recorded in his blessed word of truth
That they who wait upon the Lord shall e'en renew their youth.

And when the eye, now dim, shall open to behold the King,
And ears now dull with age shall hear the harps of heaven ring,
And on the head now hoary shall be placed the crown,
Then shall be known the lasting joy of never growing old.

Beginning the Country School.

School begins to-morrow. Not here, but down in Maine, in New Hampshire, and away up in Vermont. There is a little square piece of paper tacked on the old school house door. It is signed by the agent, and it reads: "The winter term of school in this district will begin on the first Monday after Thanksgiving." There is the school in the Pinhook district. The new teacher, they say, is a college student. He never taught before. "He's a little bit of a chap, to be the agent's child's boy. I guess he's a good teacher. He asked me how much I weighed." A week ago the teacher sat in his shabby room in the college dormitory. It had grown so dark that he could not see to study, and he lay back in his one easy chair, and gazed at the three glowing squares in the door of his little sheet iron stove. "I wonder how I shall get along. Thirty dollars a month and board—that is a great help. I hope the big boys aren't such rascals as I used to be." To-morrow every boy in the district will be at the school house before eight o'clock. Mother puts up the dinner in a tin pail—two pieces of pie, cold meat, doughnuts, eggs, a piece of gingerbread, four cookies and two Baldwin apples. The boy gets his books out from the corner cupboard, where they hung during the summer school ended. On one side of the slate there is a long sum in "partial payments," and on the other a picture of a house, with smoke coming out of the chimney. He packs his books—first the slate, then the geography; then the writing book, then the reader and the arithmetic side by side, then the spelling book, and then the little Testament. He adjusts the whole skilfully under his arm. "Now, mother, I'm all ready!" grabs his dinner pail, and goes out of the yard with a whoop and a yell to another boy who has just come in sight around the turn. At the school house the big boys are on hand early. They rattled a window in the stick that fastened the lower sash fell in upon the floor. Then they clambered in and secured their seats according to boys' law, by putting their books in the chosen desk. They built a roaring fire in the old box stove that stood on three legs and a brick. They drew pictures on the blackboard, and, climbing up through the scuttle in the entry way, explored the mysteries of "overhead." Meanwhile from up the road and down the road the boys and girls are coming, each little neighborhood at a time. The girls, strong around the chosen door; the boys play tag and go sliding on the ice at the side of the road. It is almost nine o'clock.

"There's the new teacher!" There he comes! "That's him!" Every nerve quivering with apprehension, the teacher turns in from the road towards the school-house door. It seems to him the most critical moment of his life. "Good morning, teacher," the girls say, almost in concert. "Good morning, girls," he answers, faintly. Then unlocking the door, he goes in and all the girls and boys come swarming after.

He hangs his overcoat and hat on a nail at the side of the window, takes up the little bell, and, going to the door, tinkles it in the frosty air. Only the two big boys come loitering in, after every one else are already seated. It is still in the room, and forty pairs of round eyes are fixed on the teacher's face. He takes up his Testament nervously. "We will read the first chapter of St. Luke; the boy in the corner may begin." The chapter is read; then, with bowed heads the teacher and scholars together repeat the Lord's Prayer. The teacher brings out his blank book and pencil, and, calling the scholars to him one at a time, takes down the names and ages of all, from "Peter Brown eighteen years old," to "Alithe Margaretta Thanderthon, five years old last August."

The young teacher begins to regain his self-possession. He asks for the different text-books and assigns the lessons for the day. He finds out how far over in the book each class in arithmetic has been; and every boy is fearful lest he put them back thirty or forty pages and make them "review." Every one wants to commence where he left off and go right ahead. Then study begins. By recess every scholar in school has his mind made up whether or not he likes the teacher. Little indications that no grown-up person would observe make his disposition as plain as day to the minds of the children. They know whether or not he is fretful, quick-tempered, sharp-tongued and over-bearing. No man's true character can elude the perception of a child. So goes the forenoon, and the afternoon follows it. The sun is getting low. The younger scholars have put away their books, and wait patiently while the sixth reader class stand in a row and spell. Then the door is opened and all go storming out and away. It has been so still at home all day that mother is glad when her boy clatters his dinner pail on the kitchen table, tells how he likes his teacher and goes out to the wood pile to bring in the night's wood.—*Boston Record.*

A Brave little Warrior.

The Last Charge at Malvern Hill and Its Youthful Hero.

When the Confederates came swarming across the Crew farm to reach us on Malvern Hill, we knew they were coming to death and defeat. We had been driven back from the Chickahominy step by step and day by day, fighting fierce battles at every rail fence, and now was the end. Malvern Hill, crowned with troops and bristling with cannon, was impregnable. I was posted on the point looking toward the Crew house in the dry bed of a creek. It was a capital rifle pit, and we were packed in there so thick that we scarcely had eldow room. As the legions in gray attacked, our rapid fire, assisted by the batteries above us, was enough to demoralize the lines without the infantry, higher up, firing a gun.

Magruder must have been insane that afternoon to send his men to their death across that open field, as he did. We could see them come out of the forest in splendid formation, and as they got the order to advance their step was like clockwork. There was a meadow, with hardly a stump in it, stretching away before us for half a mile, and the Confederates had no place to take cover. Being so low down, we could see under the smoke, and it was enough to make your flesh creep to see the havoc worked by our shells before the lines got within musket range. The man on my left laid down his musket and prayed God that the rebels would go back, and thus put an end to the horrible work. Then, when they pushed on and got within range, there was a flame all along our mile front—flame after flame—and not a rebel got within a stone's throw.

The last charge, made just at twilight, was the most desperate of all. The lines started with a yell and charged on the run, and though hundreds went down other hundreds kept on, shattered and wrecked and withered them with our musketry fire, and I finally heard them sound "retreat." We sprang up, gave them a last volley, and then dashed forward a few rods with the bayonet. Out of the smoke and darkness suddenly appeared a figure on my front. There was a